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If you would like to drink the Spirit of the White Reindeer, try the Ultimate Vodka Martini. You will find that though it is very, very cold it will keep you very, very warm.

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# swank

VOLUME 21 NUMBER 4 APRIL, 1974

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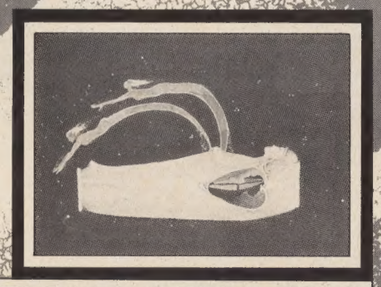

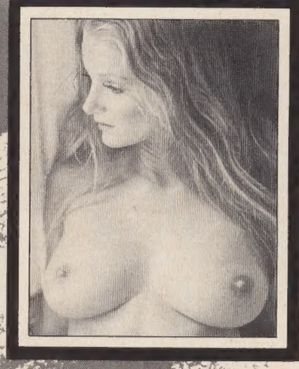

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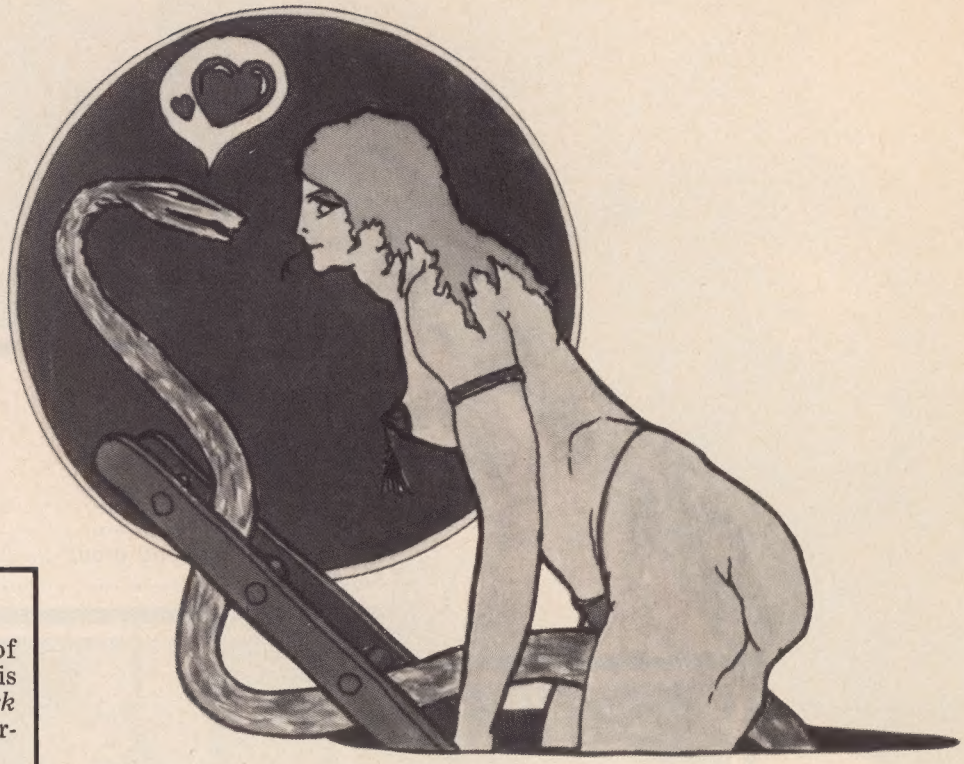

## Love Resigns

Second only to the news of the death of *Life* was this headline from the *New York Times*, chilling us to the marrow:

LOVE QUITS POST
AFTER A SHAKE-UP
IN ENERGY AGENCY

# FORE-PLAY

## The Snake Pit

*The Guiness Book of World Records* lists the all time record for staying underground with snakes at 25 days (the record for staying underground without snakes is 160 days).

San Francisco topless dancer Frenchie Renee lays claim to having broken that record, recently having emerged from an underground crypt after being buried alive in the attendance of seven snakes—one boa constrictor and six rattlesnakes—for *thirty* days.

She says she did it because her career hadn't been going too well lately. Our only question was, did she do it in an attempt at publicity . . . or suicide? *Yecch!*

# "LOST" MASTERPIECE RECORDINGS RE-DISCOVERED IN HIDDEN EUROPEAN ARCHIVES

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**Priceless master discs thought lost in the bombing of Germany in World War II... Now Available in America!**

During World War II the world of classical music suffers one of the greatest losses of all time; the complete and utter destruction of one of the major libraries of masterpieces of recorded music. Some of the most outstanding musical events ever recorded in Europe. Recorded treasures that never reached America . . . that were never before made available to American classical music lovers. Because Europe was sealed off from the world by the madness of a single mind . . . and the bared fangs of 3,000 miles of barbed wire.

Out of the ruins and shambles of war the "lost remains" (thought gone forever) of a long buried musical archive was suddenly unearthed. And a miracle occurs . . . the lost treasure of Deutsche Grammophon (DGG) masterpiece recordings were ACTUALLY RE-DISCOVERED in 1972. Experts were flown to Germany. Feverishly the cataloging began. Unfortunately most of the master discs were destroyed, tragically lost forever! But, out of what was ultimately salvaged from this treasure trove, FIRST EDITION RECORDS retrieved some of the most inspiring records ever produced . . . Records that any music lover, any connoisseur, any collector would instantly recognize and treasure as unprecedented "finds" from our own generation's "dark ages". Yes, genuine collector's items never before obtainable . . . until today.

For example . . . found in this lost European archive were such priceless findings as Richard Strauss in his *rare virtuoso conducting of his own works,* such as "Till Eulenspiegel," "Der Rosenkavalier," etc. Imagine the grace, the feeling and the sublety that only the conductor-composer can impart to his own creation. Can any conducting ever compare to the composer's, whose directions must be the last word in definition, nuance and subtlety?

Or stretch your imagination to Wilhelm Furtwangler's glorious, most creative years (1929-1934), as he conducts the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Wagner's "Tristan & Isolde" and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Nights Dream" . . . Yes, musical treasures to stagger the imagination . . . *priceless gems that lovers of classical music had long resigned themselves to forever foregoing the joys of listening to . . . for the rest of their lives.* And that's still not all.

### MORE MASTERPIECES DISCOVERED, NEVER BEFORE AVAILABLE IN AMERICA

In addition, the experts found a mint-condition master of Fritz Busch conducting The Chorus & Orchestra of The Danish Radio in his definitive interpretation of, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; hailed by leading musicologists as *the most inspiring rendition of the "Ninth" ever performed.* And, as the piece-de-resistance, of these "lost" music Treasures, Paul Hindemith conducting the Berlin Philharmonic–in the world premiere–of his own compositions. You'll listen spellbound . . . riveted to your chair . . . for who can better interpret his own musical statements in such moving and feeling expressiveness.

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The audio quality of these recordings is a marvel in itself as is their survival. And little wonder! These masters are all Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (DGG) recordings, a company wtih an unrivalled and unexcelled reputation for technical audio quality and fidelity. Even in those tortured times . . . even under the grinding pressure of the Berlin war machine, DGG refused to compromise its integrity. Because quality and fidelity with them was not a philosophy, but an obsession. So advanced were these techniques that these recordings *sound as if they were recorded only yesterday.*

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**WILHELM FURTWANGLER**
conducting "Tristan & Isolde," "Götterdämmerung," "Lohengrin," "Hebrides Overture," "Midsummer Night's Dream," all with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

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## The Magic & Occult Show

*The World Festival of Magic and Occult* at the *Felt Forum (Madison Square Garden)* was a show with something for everybody and maybe a little too much for a few.

There was an Austrian with trick canes, a man who plays a one string violin, an "East Indian Fakir" and even a pick-pocket. Even rock 'n' roll!

The principle exponent of rock weirdness on the bill was an Australian named Geofrey Crozier . . . who claims to be 5,000 years old. Mr. Crozier appeared with the *Moon Rock Circus*, comprised of various assistants including a young woman who, uh, gets her head burned off . . .

There was also an hilarious robot act, with the robot looking suspiciously like Frankenstein's monster. And Ali Kabah, the Fakir who sticks needles in his arms (not an unfamiliar sight in the Big Apple), drives a nail through his tongue, and pulls a ribbon out of a slit he makes in his stomach.

Then there was Richiardi, the Peruvian who staged the whole thing.

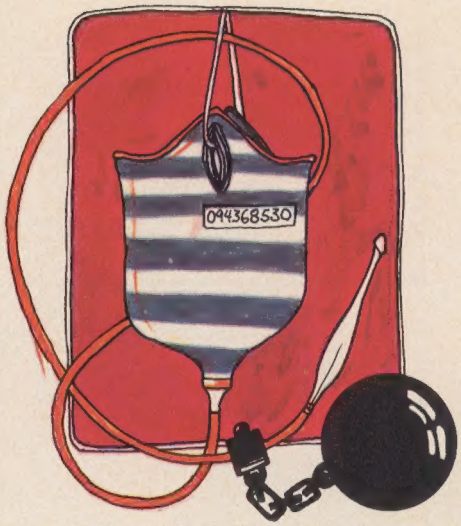
Richiardi comes from a long line of magicians, and his part in the program amounted to a revival of the great illusionist shows of the past, when such magicians as the great Houdini, Blackstone, Herrmann, and Thurston were stars of the vaudeville and theater circuits.

Mr. Richiardi does a few warm up tricks, then "literally" saws a woman in half and invites the audience to come up on stage and view the blood splattered remains; as he has her sawn (with a rotor blade), the blood begins splashing out. When he is through, he extracts a few cords from her stomach. Pink cords which we are to assume are her guts.

Mr. Richiardi says his sawing act *is* a little strong, "but then," muses he, "these are different years today."

Many adults walking away from the show looked a little ill, but the majority were chuckling after having viewed the blood splashed remains of the woman, and the children present loved it. Shades of *A Clockwork Orange?* Nah. All in fun.

But Walt Disney must be whirling in his forever flask.




## Law 'N Order

And, finally, in the *Law & Order Dept:* It is now illegal in Illinois to give enemas for sexual pleasure . . .

It's still legal to have an enema, you understand. It only becomes an illegal act if you smile. So don't grin, and bare it anyway. . .

## The $100 Misunderstanding

New York has always been an almost impossible place in which to get a divorce. First, it was the laws; the only legal grounds for divorce being those of proven adultery.

Then the laws liberalized somewhat, but the $$$ involved were still ridiculous. So: now, there's *How to Get a New York Divorce For Under $100*, laying down the laws for the laymen and women who would (get a divorce).

Says author Charles M. Allen (a non-lawyer who actually got a divorce for under $100), "I am not an attorney, just an ordinary citizen who became annoyed with the divorce system and its lawyers . . . their larcenous fees, smoke screen language and, most of all, their willingness to

virtually insure a fight between the parties."

There are, in the book, copies of every form you'll need and the hows to fill them out, details on the red tape you'll have to cut—and how to cut it. All for the silly price of $4.95 (so, actually, it might run a *few* cents over $100, but don't say we didn't tell you). . .

## Woman In Charge

The first woman in the U.S. Army to hold a major command overseas is Lt. Col. Nancy Hopfenspirger. She's been put in charge of the U.S. Army support District in Wuerzburg, heading up the butchers, bakers, "happy hour" bartenders, motor pool sergeants, commissaries, post exchanges, service men's clubs, and housing offices.

In other words, housekeeping . . .

## The Wonder Store

Baird Searles and Grace Van Hulsteyn (shown) and Ralph Blasi (in the back room) are not in a spaceship.

Rather, they are in *The Science Fiction Shop*, or, as it is affectionately known to aficianados, "the thrilling wonder store."

Devoted exclusively to science fiction, speculative fiction and fantasy subjects, the shop is the brainstorm of science fiction critic Baird Searles, and sells only new and backlist books, juveniles, magazines, fanzines, period pulps and other paraphernalia of the field.

Searles, Van Hulsteyn, and Blasi plan to build the shop into a science fiction center which, in the future, will be equipped to sponsor lectures and readings, hold film shows, and serve as an exchange and meeting place for enthusiasts from all over the East Coast.

Blasi wants Arthur Clarke to send him the original manuscript of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and is also enthusiastically pursuing the script from Dr. Michael Crichton's *Westworld*, the science fiction western, for display in a "special module for precious works."

Currently, the store has in stock close to some 1,700 titles, both hardcover and softbound, including some glorious H.P. Lovecraft material.

Also available for the first time ever is a copy of a print by J.R.R. Tolkein, planned for but never included in his *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

If you're venturing down in New York's Greenwich Village, the *Science Fiction Shop* is located at 56 Eighth Avenue.

If you want to get spaced out.

## Swingers Health Village

The flyers for the *Hunza Village* say, in part:

*No air, water, or food pollution.*

*Live in a $100,000 home, a trailer, or a tent . . . the only rule is that you must be clean and sanitary.*

*Freedom; you make your own rules.*

*Are you sincere about creating a healthier environment for swinging and loving?*

*Everyone will have an equal vote on all issues and we plan having every type of swinging activity that is humanly possible.*

*There will be only one requirement for membership at the Village: That each one of us will meet a different member of the Village (of the opposite sex) for approximately two hours in complete privacy every day . . .*

If it sounds intriguing, they want you to write to them: Clark & Mona Stewart, Box 12883, Las Vegas, Nevada 89112. Their motto? *A Healthy Swinger Swings Forever.*

*Editor:*

While I applaud your efforts to clarify the multiple aspects of interpersonal sexual relationships, I feel that your pictorial essays of young and attractive girls inhibits this presentation. The poses and props of these pictorial essays often suggest masturbation by the model. Unfortunately, your understanding of this practice—like that of society's—is very limited. Hence the communication through creative photography of the most victimless of sexual "crimes"—the enjoyment by a woman of her own body—is similarly limited.

I am a thirty-five-year-old mother of two girls. While enjoying a fulfilling sexual life with my husband, I have masturbated several times a week since my early teens. Until my marriage twelve years ago, there was no guilt for me in this activity. Many years ago, my mother had discovered me "playing" with my pre-teen body. She reacted, not with punishment, but with a gentle education about my body and the means of self-stimulation.

Shortly after my wedding night, my husband discovered me nude and masturbating. I was not attempting to hide my activity, but did consider it a very personal time to myself. In my innocence I told him that I often brought myself to orgasm at that time on an almost daily basis.

For weeks we discussed my self-satisfaction. My husband felt that it was not normal, and that an explanation should be sought for this behavior. I felt that it was perfectly healthy and natural, and that it certainly did not hinder our sexual relationship. I felt, in fact, that it allowed me to achieve more frequent and stronger orgasms which in turn, I pointed out, were very satisfying to him.

*He* claimed I had hidden this activity from him. *I* stated that my masturbation was no secret, merely because I hadn't told him; we hadn't discussed urination, either, and yet we both did that.

Still, for nearly a year, I consulted weekly with a psychologist. It was determined that my desire was more physical than mental in nature. I had simply (as "J" in *The Sensuous Woman* later prescribed) conditioned my body for frequent sexual outlet and release.

In an effort to lessen the friction between my husband and me, the psychologist met with us—both together and separately. He explained that the guilt associated by my husband with my masturbation was acquired by social mores and the attitudes to which he'd been subjected in his upbringing. Still, it took many months to create an attitude of acceptance in my husband.

Therefore, if your magazine—and others like *Swank*—are going to provide a meaningful contribution of eliminating the shadows covering sex, then I urge that you use your resources to examine and understand the conditions of female masturbation. Then, accept the challenge of communicating that understanding through *creative* pictorial essays. These would have the potential of providing far more insight than the pornography often associated with this topic.

If more girls had been aware that many young girls often bring themselves to orgasm with both finger manipulation and by using objects that penetrate and provide that wonderful pressure against the cervex, then perhaps other women like myself might not have to suffer fighting for acceptance from their lovers and/or husbands. Thank you.

*D.R.*
*L. A., Calif.*

*Editor:*

I really think your Forum column is great. I especially liked the letter in the November issue from *J.L.R. (Linden, N. J.).* It was very interesting to me because I am also a slave to my mistress and I love her to dominate me in every way.

I am 25 and she is 27. Her name is Darlene. She is a lovely, slender blonde with golden hair that hangs to her shoulders, a body like a goddess and a face more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen. She is a very strong, dominant type and loves nothing more than to torment and humiliate me to the fullest extent and keep me constantly reminded that I am her slave.

We play many mistress and slave games and she never runs out of tricks. My favorite is the game she calls "Taste My Tootsies."

In this game she wears a skin-tight black mini-dress and a pair of black high-heeled shoes. She sits in a large easy chair with her feet up on a foot stool. She orders me to remove my

# swank forum

clothing piece by piece until I am completely naked. Next, she handcuffs my wrists behind my back and orders me to kneel before the foot stool. She looks me over good and then giggles sexily. She then explains that the reason she has me stripped and bound is to show man's ignorance and vulnerability. That my whole manhood has been taken away and I am now in no way superior. That I am, in fact, inferior in every way.

I fully acknowledge her supreme reign by telling her how much I love being helplessly restrained and exposed at her lovely feet. I ask her to remove her shoes. She refuses and orders me to kiss them all over. I beg her to remove them so that I can kiss her bare feet. She still refuses and instead makes me lick her shoes all over.

Then she makes me stand up and dance naked before her, while over and over I repeat, "Darlene, please let me kiss your feet."

When I am near the point of exhaustion she orders me to stop and kneel before her again, but to hold still. Then she leans forward and caresses her shoes with her hands. This is so tormenting I nearly go mad. After about five minutes of it she sexily slips off her shoes and flaunts the naked beauty of her feet before my eyes. I study their perfection, their perfect shape, the pure white skin, the high arch and straight, even toes tipped with perfectly shaped toenails and the soft, smooth texture of their lovely flesh.

I praise them aloud to her and then beg for the pleasure of touching them with my lips. As I beg she waves her bare feet back and forth in front of my face. Laughing, she calls me names like a naked pig with a small pecker, a hog-tied weakling and foot fettishist fag. She threatens to lead me down the street on collar and leash, hand-cuffed and naked with my head shaved and my face painted with rouge, lipstick and eyeliner wearing a sign around my neck declaring "I am Darlene's slave."

She further threatens to drive me miles out into the woods, tie me naked to a tree and leave me there forever.

She now spits visciously in my face and tells me I may now taste the delightful pleasures of her feet. As my lips press full force to the bottom of her naked instep and my tongue tastes the lusciousness of her feet, I suddenly feel the utmost glory of being dominated by my mistress.

I am always ready to serve my Darlene in any way she wants me to.

*J.R.S.*
*Albany, N.Y.*

*Editor*;

I am a married woman of thirty-two. I have shared the same bed with my husband for eight years. That is, I have never had sexual relations with anyone other than him. Lately, I had been unable to become aroused by my husband's lovemaking, and it had begun to cause me considerable worry. Due to my upbringing I found it difficult to cope with the idea of having an extramarital affair. However, the inability on my part to be satisfied became overpowering. In desperation I resorted to fantasizing during intercourse.

At first, I imagined he was my favorite actor. Then I graduated to imagining he was someone I had seen and been attracted to on the streets or while shopping.

Our sexual relations improved tremendously. Then my fantasizing became more intense. I began to pretend in my head (during sex) that my husband was raping me. I began to realize that, in spite of my puritanical upbringing, I secretly craved force and even brutality in lovemaking. I also began to comprehend that I would find extreme pleasure in such things!

At first, despite the new pleasures I was experiencing, I was filled with guilts about imagining my husband to be other people. And I felt kind of dirty and perverted, wanting to be hurt.

Finally, I decided to discuss my thoughts and what I'd been imagining and going through with the man I married.

At first, to say he was shocked would be to put it mildly. He couldn't get the idea to work in his head! That me, his sweet little wife, had had all of these weird thoughts going through her head during sex! Then I could see that the idea of it had begun to actually arouse him. As we really began to talk and discuss our sex life (it was the first time in eight years), we began to talk about all of the things we'd both had on our minds. It turned out that my husband, too,

had been pretending. Having fantasies! And he, too, had wanted to be far more forceful. But he'd been afraid to, thinking that it might either scare me, turn me off, or repel me.

The final result is that we began to experiment. I discovered that I liked being slapped around and spanked during sex. Instead of gentle caresses on my breasts, he began sucking them (at my direction) with hard, rough tugs of each nipple. The mind blower is that I had always had a hard time getting to the point of orgasm. Maybe I'd experience one for every three times we'd make love. This time, though, with our harsher lovemaking, I came to climax before he even entered me, surprising both of us to say the least!

When he finally did enter me, unlike his usual way, this time he did it with really strong, hard, forceful thrusts. I screamed with pleasure!

Now we are experimenting with all kinds of new things. We've begun to read books (like those by Marquis De Sade) to get new ideas. For the first time in our married life we find ourselves looking forward with total relish to the times we make love, which are also more frequent. It has become a real chamber of pleasure for both of us.

*R. M.*
*Liberty, N.Y.*

*Editor:*

Am I fed up with men! Just fed fucking up forever! Men are clods. Their insensitivity, lack of understanding, and abscence of humanity when taking leave of a woman just has me absolutely up the wall. They use women. They use them for getting their rocks off, then they discard them in such mentally bruising ways that it staggers the mind. The last straw was what happened to me this week-end.

First of all I had a date with this guy I met at a group encounter (non-sexual). He seemed nice, and the date was for him to call me Monday. No call. Wednesday, he finally called, saying he'd overslept on Monday. Till Wednedsay? Well, sucker that I am, I just shrugged it off, since he was now on the phone.

He came over Friday night and we had a ball! We had a few drinks, talked up a storm, ate dinner, watched television, snacked, put on records and started making out.

Eventually, of course, we began making love. For hours. All night. It was on again, off again. A few minutes, wait, then back at it. It was great! Super!

Then, the next morning, we went to the store to buy food for breakfast. He excused himself to get the Sunday papers. I said, "Will you get me one, too?" He said he would.

He never came back. After I finished my shopping, I came out in front of the market and stood there, waiting. And waiting. And waiting. He never did come back!

I've never felt so small in my life. I just felt ugly all over (I'm not), sick to my stomach, unclean. I mean, if I was such a dog that he couldn't have the decency to even say so much as, "look, I'm uptight, I'm splitting." Or even, "Hey, woman, you're a real drag, and I'm leaving." Why couldn't this man have said something? I mean, we'd just had sex, been intimate, for hours! We'd talked for hours! I'm a human being, and he is, too. We say "excuse me," "thank-you," and "please" even to common strangers on buses and subways! Yet, this man—and others like him!—didn't even have the decency to let me know he was leaving. I mean I just stood there! And it was a cold day! And I had all those groceries! And I'm just standing there like a jerk, waiting for this creep to come back.

It's not the first time. Men have done this to me on many, many occassions. You say it's me? Then how come it's happened to *each and every one of my girl-friends, too, time and time again!*

I'd like to have just one guy with any balls at all who has done this to a girl to write in to Forum and explain to me why they do this? Why? Is it the way they were brought up? Is it society? Is it what the die-hard womens libbers are talking about?

I've met some of the guys who've pulled these numbers on my friends. They seemed like genuinely nice men. Not creeps. Gentlemen. Okay, if you're out for a one-night stand, you say so. But why say you're going to call a woman when you have no intention of doing this?

None of my friends have ever pulled these kind of stunts on any of their men friends. And I know I haven't. I wouldn't tell the garbage man that I was going to call him if I had no intention of doing so, to discuss my garbage pick-up! Because I recognize the fact that the garbage man (or whatever) is a living, breathing human being who can be hurt. Who has feelings. Who has emotions.

Okay, a lot of women are so starved for a love relationship that they choke a man to death, or want to restrict him as being all theirs, or rush him into an only you and me kind of lifestyle. But we're not all like that! Certainly we're all (men and women) looking for "the ideal" lover. And warmth. And someone to love us. But that's only human.

These guys seem to think it's so wonderful to have balls. I have news for them.

It's not the balls that count. It's heart. And most men don't have it. What a shame, and what a waste, and what a sad predicament it is for them and we women, too.

*V.M*
*Baltimore, Md.*

# TINA JASON

# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

**It's always the same reaction—people can never quite figure out why we, an average young couple, have chosen sex as our profession (we have been starring in "porno" films for four years. I published my first book, Porno Star, and "Double Exposure" is now in its tenth month!). Why am I no longer a psychology student and why is Jason no longer active as a photographer? Together, we both found something we both love doing more!**

**We simply want to see people accept their own sexuality. Sex is a natural and instinctive part of life and no matter how much we attempt to deny this, we are all sexual beings. In shoving our sexual instinct under the rug, ignoring ourselves as sexual beings, we can only experience conflict and confusion! Whatever our individual sexual preferences are, the most important thing is learning to accept them.**

**Communication, honesty and individual freedom (both physical and mental) are the keys to contentment in a relationship. Any relationship!**

I'm a young executive with a large, prestigious firm. At 34, I still have no desire to get married—I'm quite satisfied with my present situation and enjoy my freedom. Those who argue that a bachelor leads a lonely life are dead wrong. I'm not at a loss for female companionship and I have never had to spend a night alone in my apartment without choosing to do so.

As a young boy, I had no concern with satisfying a girl sexually. My only concern was my own orgasm which usually took me no longer than ten strokes to achieve. Now that I've matured and I've had hundreds of sexual experiences, as well as a few more enduring affairs, I've become less concerned with my own gratification. Seeing a woman aroused by my caresses and my lovemaking is what arouses me.

Recently, I've read several articles on female sexuality. Perhaps I should have kept myself in the dark because I've become plagued with the idea that some or all of my female companions might have been faking their orgasms.

Is it true that erect nipples and a moist vagina do not necessarily indicate a female has achieved orgasm? If this is so, then how can a man really know when a woman is having an orgasm?

T.T.
Chicago, Ill.

Since you are a man of the world and you do have more than just a strong desire to please your lovers, I'm sure that you unfailingly encourage your partners to communicate their feelings while you are making love. Whether your partner will be truthful in her response is another question altogether. The idea that a man may feel like "less of a man" if he cannot stimulate a woman to orgasm is what initiated a feeling of obligation, on the part of a female, to "fake it."

If a female's nipples are erect and her vagina is moist, that simply means that she is aroused. If her clitoris is erect, she is aroused. Shortly before a female is about to climax, her clitoris will become very swollen, and if her clitoris is rather exposed when it is in it's normal state, it will take on the appearance of a "small penis." Also, just before she reaches orgasm, her inner lips, engorged with blood, will be not only swollen, but bright pink or red. While all this is happening, you might want to be between her legs—you'll get a bird's eye-view (with the room lights on) and your tongue will be greatly appreciated!

When it happens, if you are even somewhat perceptive, you'll know! Her clitoris will begin to pulsate strongly. This is a good time to engulf the little organ with your lips! Her vaginal opening will begin to open and close, at the same time perhaps emitting small amounts of clear fluid. Simultaneously and rhythmically with all this, her entire genital area will be pulsating in orgasm. Internally (you should be able to feel this with your penis while having intercourse), her cervix is moving up and down while her vaginal muscles are rhythmically contracting and expanding.

General muscle response in a female differs as greatly as in a male. Her thighs and/or other muscles may or may not quiver—contract and relax. Despite the fact that she will be breathing quite heavily, she may or may not be vocal. This has nothing to do with the actual strength of orgasm. In this respect, each woman as well as each orgasm, is different. So, don't expect her to shatter the windows of the Sears Tower!

Immediately after she has reached orgasm, her vaginal muscles will be extremely tight, her clitoris will be overly sensitive to touch and still swollen. Her nipples will quickly return to their normal state while her breathing will do so more slowly. If you are still lying between her legs, I'm sure by this time you are extremely aroused! So, why not have a ball!
Tina

It is true that erect nipples do not indicate a female has achieved orgasm. In fact, erect nipples after having sex (most of the time) would be an indication that a woman has not had a sexual release, but is still aroused.

Unfortunately, the statement that erect nipples after intercourse is a sure sign that a woman had achieved her climax originated with Dr. Ruben. We personally feel that his book, Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex, is woefully misinformed. More unfortunately, several magazines have reprinted his "facts" about sex without ever checking them against a more qualified source such as Masters and Johnson. As a matter of fact, Masters and Johnson say exactly the opposite about his statement—the so-called "nipple erection test".

Tina has said everything that I could say about the female orgasm. Incidentally, watching it close-up while you are involved in oral sex is a fantastic experience. I only want to add: Stop being concerned about sexual performance! I am afraid many sex manuals have been making people too concerned about sexual performance—coming together and hitting the "Big O". Just try to make sure that you give the woman the opportunity to have a climax. Plenty of loving foreplay, being sensitive to what she needs and wants.

Few woman are going to climax every time they have sexual relations. Instead of being concerned that they always climax, be concerned that you allow them the opportunity!
Jason

I've been dating a guy for several months and I guess you could say our relationship is primarily a sexual one—we make love more than we do anything else. Luckily, I was brought-up in an open, permissive home, so I don't have too many hang-ups about sex. One hang-up I do have, one thing I've never been able to let myself get into (I've only tried it a couple of times), is anal sex.

There isn't any kind of taboo in my mind

(Continued on page 46)

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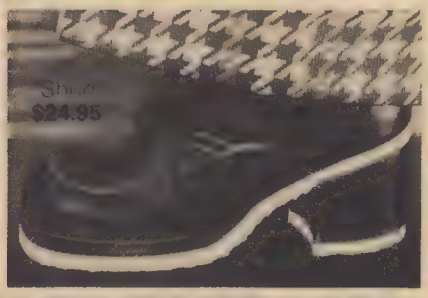

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# STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT SEX...

My wife and I are seeking your reaction and advice. I am twenty-three-years-old and a recent graduate in urban design and land-planning. My wife is twenty-two, an elementary school teacher just three months away from her Master's Degree. We both come from upper-class, somewhat wealthy parents. We were "childhood sweethearts," and grew up, both socially and sexually, with each other. Our first sexual experience with each other was over eight years ago. We first had intercourse on her sixteenth birthday. We have now been married for two years, are very much in love, and have a full and satisfactory sex life.

A few months ago, I ran into a friend whom I had not seen for years. He and I had shared a one-time homosexual act in our very early teens. It was certainly nothing very heavy, but just part of growing up. What I mean is that neither of us was ashamed of it. My wife knew about it, but not until many years after it had happened. As he lived out of town, we invited him to stay with us when we heard that he was to be in our city for a few days.

Since he had not seen my wife since those early school days, his being around, and his many compliments to her—particularly about her physical looks—gave me the satisfaction of having something he didn't. I know this was a hang-over from our personal and friendly competition of years before. I should add here, with pride, that my bride is a beautiful gal. Very feminine, long hair, beautiful face and skin, and a 5'7", 121 pound, 35C-20-35 body that won't quit.

Anyway, my wife teased our friend. . .with my approval. For dinner, she wore a very low cut blouse which showed off her breasts quite attractively. Before going to bed, by accident, our friend saw her in her very sexy underwear. In the morning, she wore a red satin gown with a side slit from the floor to her waist, no panties, and the outline of her dark, erect nipples showed opaquely through the filmy material.

To keep a long story short, we kept this up for three days. Both my wife and I knew this was an ego trip and nothing but, showing off to him that our successes were greater than his. But, all this time, there was no talk of sex.

Then, the evening before he left, my wife fixed a gourmet dinner. This time she was not dressed in a sexy way. We had wine with our dinner, and they went to our heads, but not enough to lose control. Then, my wife mentioned my story of the homosexual act he and I had performed so long ago. The talk around the table then became centered on sex stories about long-ago school mates. My wife asked our friend if there was anything he wanted. He then replied that he wanted to kiss the most beautiful breasts he had ever seen—my wife's. I knew he was half-joking, but my wife didn't. When they both looked at me, I went along with what I considered a gag, and shrugged my shoulders. I knew that was not her sort of thing, after all.

So at first I was totally turned off, then quickly turned on, when she actually unbuttoned her sweater, slipped the bra straps off to her shoulders, freed both of her breasts, and kneeled on the sofa edge, her breasts just inches from his lips!

Within a few minutes I ended up, fully clothed, watching my wife and our friend having sexual intercourse. The most involved I got in getting into the scene at all was that I unzipped and began masturbating myself. Meanwhile, my wife did every imaginable act with our friend and for him. Things that she and I do only when we are both totally aroused.

Now, we have not seen our friend, although we are planning to in the next few weeks. Our sex life is fantastic. More so than ever before. Our only hang-up is that we both want to repeat the scene we had with him with other men. To do this, my wife has been answering underground newspaper ads. She talks about having two men at the same time, inside of her, around her, and all possible combinations including watching me and the guy!

We worry that maybe this is out of hand, but don't know if we should stop it completely, do it just with our friend, or go all out and do it with anyone we like. We're thinking that, no matter what, in time we'll tire of it. But we both like the idea of giving the whole thing a go.

We have decided to keep looking for other men unless you can see any problems we can't. Thanks.

J.C.
L.A., Cal.

The question is, what do you want? Better yet, what do you and your wife want? Any question of this sort always comes down to the basics, which are, of course, nothing but value or anti-value, or gain or loss, for the individuals involved. *We* are not the ones to tell you yea or nay. That's up to you. Certainly we can see no problems that *you* cannot see. So let's find out what it is you do see; what it is you're after.

Are you sure you want to get involved with strangers? Are you two open and easy going? Are you sure of yourselves, and fairly free of paranoia? If you are, then an ad might just be the right channel for you. A stranger could be the exact thing to add to your lovemaking. But the question here before us is: Since it was a good friend (and former lover of one of you) that you made it with initially, are you sure this wasn't just something that had sort of been hanging around the back of your head(s) for years, awaiting its time?

You said it took you three days before all of the subconscious desires finally came to the fore. Three days with a friend? Do you think it would be easier—*or harder*—with a stranger? Did the threesome idea turn you on, or was it the three *particular* people? Until you can get that answered satisfactorily between the two of you, hesitate to go ahead with a stranger. . .or strangers. After all, you trusted (and, presumably you still trust) your friend. You had years and years of knowing each other. Do you think you could feel free with a stranger? Probably the only way to find out is to go ahead with the plan and test it, huh? But do so cautiously, using common sense, rather than plunging in to a total commitment. At least for openers. Also, from what you say, you haven't had a homosexual relationship since you were a kid. Even with your friend. Could you make love with a stranger? Our only advice is to go slowly.

—

My girlfriend and I have been living together for three years, with a fairly good sexual relationship except for one thing. About two months ago she had a girlfriend spend the night and, after we all got stoned, I got really hot for the fox. This chick was unreal! A Latin. Long black hair, huge brown eyes, thick lashes, curves for days, well, just name it! She brought some hash, we had some grass, and, to put it quickly, we all ended up balling for two days! It was fantastic! We were so ripped that, while at first it was both girls making it with me, eventually (on the second day), and with some urging on my part, the two chicks finally got it on.

Needless to say, I dug it no end. It was the most erotic weekend of my entire life.

Now, however, my girl is going through all kinds of self-doubts about the whole thing. She mopes all of the time now, and she's just down on herself in general, calling herself a dyke, a Lesbian, and all kinds of names. She says she never realized that she had this kind of "perversion" inside of herself. She doesn't even blame me! She just says she's a sick person, etc., etc.

I've been talking and talking to her until I'm blue in the face. But she was raised quite strictly by a couple of narrow-minded people and it even took two years of dating before I finally convinced her to live with me. Now I don't know how to ease her mind. I *know* for a fact that she enjoyed herself. But now she's just sick about the whole thing. Can you offer any guidance?

K.R.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

That's kind of a tall order, since there's much you didn't include that we should know. First of all, you haven't let us know how old she is, or, more importantly, how mature she is for her age. She sounds as if her narrow upbringing (like most peoples) did not manage to prepare her for any kind of experimenting. That's the biggest problem, of course, with such straight-laced attitudes; teaching moral values is one thing, but so often the teaching of these values is taught with fear and/or loathing instead of with love.

What we'd suggest is that you have her Latin friend over again, after making sure, first, that this friend is willing to help and, second, that your lady is in a relaxed mood. Then the three of you could either have a heart to heart about the situation or perhaps even repeat it! This may sound strange, but, if you start with the repetition of the friend in the house, it will no long-

(Continued on page 46)

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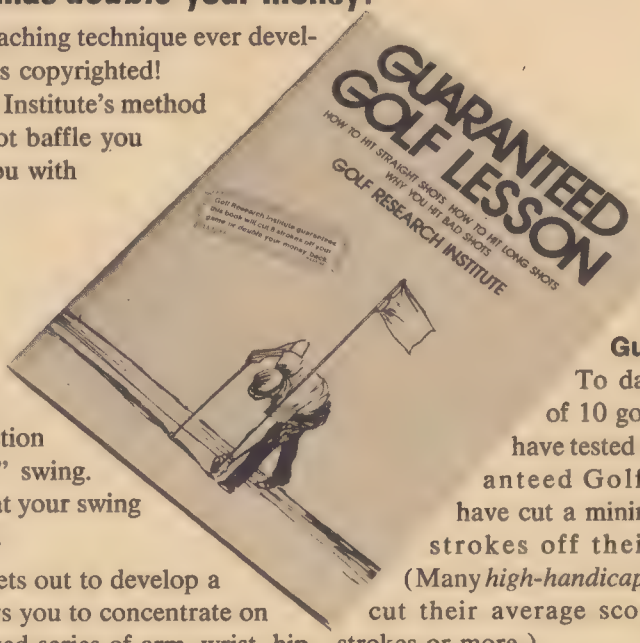


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INTERVIEW:
RAQUEL WELCH

# INTERVIEW: RAQUEL WELCH

**by Leo Guild**

*You can expect that in ten years or so Norman Mailer will be writing a book about Raquel Welch, with exotic pictures. That's because I can't think of anyone else who could take Marilyn Monroe's place as the most glamorous female in films.*

*In person Raquel is a more subtle, quieter version than the girl you see twelve-foot high on the big screen. This interview was done in a portable dressing room hooked up to a truck that was pulling it over cobblestone streets in downtown Los Angeles. For dinner Racquel, who earns some half million dollars a year, was having a soggy tuna sandwich on white bread. I turned down the offer to share it with her.*

*Racquel is different from most actresses in that she is likeable in an earthy way. She sat there cross-legged on a worn bunk-couch and even pulled her skirt down several times in a self-conscious gesture to cover her knees.*

*The actress had on a blue angora sweater showing bust but no cleavage. Her skirt was navy blue and pleated. Her shoes were tossed in a corner. Mostly we talked about her career but occasionally she would lead the conversation into politics, romance, other people and world problems. She talked with authority, but not annoyingly so. There were subjects she steered away from, especially personal ones.*

*She has a cute gesture of occasionally flicking the top of her tongue against her upper lip as if coddling a sore or wetting a dry lip.*

*Need I have to say that every man who meets her would like to marry her, go to bed with her or at the very least fondle her? I was no different. Her eyes are a nondescript color and she looks right at you. It's that look that makes you believe you stand a chance with her. That you are a privileged one. It's a good act that rings of sincerity.*

*Also, unlike other actresses, every once in a while she asks you a question. If it's a thought-out trick it's a good one. It pampers the ego. And she listens to your answer.*

*When you are with her and other people (in this case the producer and his wife) she is good at sharing herself equally with all. You are always led to feel each is equally important.*

*But in person, it's her laugh and smile that are most infectious. You pride yourself that you were able to make her laugh—that you are so clever you struck a chord. Her smile gives you a better view of perfectly shining teeth. Her smile and laugh shuts off quickly, unlike most people. Her moods change fast so that a laugh suddenly turns to a frown and you hope you haven't said something to displease her.*

*Yet despite her authority and directness, there remains a suspicion of insecurity, a need to be loved, to be pampered. Her hands remain constantly in motion, her fingers, beautifully cared for, always draw your attention. You study her face: the nose that was supposed to have been fixed cosmetically at an early age—but there is no evidence of it; lovely hair that forms a perfect frame for her face.*

*Drifting off into a Walter Mitty euphoria you wonder what it would be like to hold this fascinating creature in your arms. And then back to earth again you are aware she is a multi-million dollar corporation bedeviled and bedazzled. She is more than a female, she is an institution who has scratched and fought her way to movie stardom.*

**SWANK:** So many of the famed glamor stars of movies had such tragic endings. Also such confused, unhappy lives, like Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, and Judy Garland. And the living glamor girls, too—Elizabeth Taylor and Brigitte Bardot. You seem to be steadier, less prone to emotional reverses. Is there a reason?

**R. W.:** I think in order to be a star, you must be emotional and sensitive. So the very qualifications that make them what they are

**"I have never been seen nude on the screen, but I have nothing against nudity for anyone else."**

**"I think if the Women's Liberationists get their way women of the future will be machines, zombies and the real guts of woman will be gone. They're making girls too unobtainable."**

professionally work against them in their private lives. I've had my problems, too. But I'm always defensive, always alert to combat any situation that would destroy me. Having children is one defense. I have children. It's the old story that everyone wants to be king of the hill, but once there, one push and it's a long fall down. I am not immune to the forces of adversity. So far I *have* been able to handle it.

**SWANK:** You've never had the good fortune to have a smash, big movie, even through all your pictures make money. Yet you are a living legend. Does it bother you to know that you are revered as an important star but not as a fine actress with fine pictures?

**R. W.:** I am not underrating the glamor thing. I don't think the image has been limiting. Getting a solid picture is often a matter of luck. There's a stigma against glamorous ladies and I suppose when a producer gets a beautiful script he doesn't think of me. I don't like to be Miss Sexpot but then again I don't want to be what I'm not. Lately I've been getting better pictures and, who knows, I might get lucky and stumble into a fine one.

**SWANK:** Do you think your background is one reason for the secure impression you give to people? Many stories about you have commented on your indestructibility . . .or at least the appearance of it.

**R. W.:** No, I don't think so. My father was an astronautical engineer, and *busy*. I was one of three children, so I got no special privileges that would make me more secure. I lived in a small coast city, La Jolla, and got my start at the La Jolla Playhouse. My first marriage was to a childhood sweetheart. You know what happened to my second marriage. So really there was nothing in my background that would give me confidence. It's just something you nurture until you have it in gobs.

**SWANK:** You're a so-called sex symbol yet you have never appeared nude in pictures. Not even semi-nude. We heard somewhere that a European producer offered you a $50,000 bonus to run down the beach nude with the camera only catching you from behind (pardon the pun). How do you respond to all this?

**"I'm not the actress I was five years ago and I won't be the same five years from now. I think I'm more human and less of a machine."**

**R. W.:** I have not been seen nude on the screen, but I have nothing against nudity for anyone else. I've never seen the part in a picture where nudity was necessary. Yes, I've been offered bonuses for nudity but it has never appealed to me. Furthermore, I've always thought for me it would be poor strategy.

**SWANK:** Wouldn't a partly nude appearance in a film add to your

glamor image?
**R. W.:** I don't think so. Either you have glamor or you haven't. When you have it, it doesn't matter the clothes or the circumstances, you still have glamor.
**SWANK:** We keep talking about image and glamor. Why are you glamorous? What are the ingredients? And can they develop or must you be born with them?
**R. W,:** I think glamor in a woman is what charisma is in a man. I think looks and figure and clothes have something to do with it. Plus what the person stands for. Plus chemistry—something you can't put your finger on. There have been very plain women who've had glamor. I saw a girl selling shoes in a department store who I thought had glamor. Not beauty, *glamor*. I certainly think some of it is born and some is developed.
**SWANK:** Raquel, way back in Europe when you had never even done a film and were getting all those magazine covers, they said you were the most glamorous woman in the world. Doesn't that prove you don't have to be a movie star to be glamorous?
**R. W.:** The Europeans are inclined to be extravagantly generous with praise. They deal in superlatives. Yet I can never thank them enough because the things they wrote and said about me gave me the confidence to go ahead. I suppose you could say I had the equipment and their praise gave me the tinsel to get attention.
**SWANK:** Do you think of yourself as having great, magnetic sex appeal?
**R. W.:** Heavens, no. But I like others to think so. Come to think of it they said Einstein was a genius but he always poo-pooed it.
**SWANK:** Do you diet or exercise to maintain that much-adored body?
**R. W.:** I eat sensibly. I exercise sensibly. I guess I live sensibly. I don't do anything to undermine my health. I know how important it is for me always to be in good condition.

**"I want to taste it all. I never want to feel that I am satisfied."**

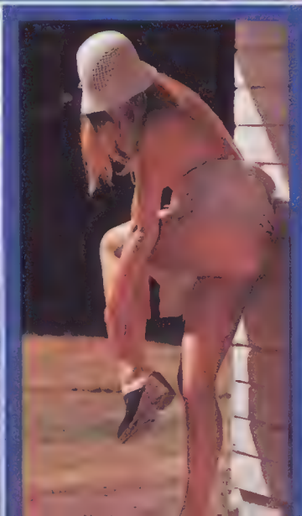
**"You can be sexy without taking off your clothes. You might say it's the tease."**

**SWANK:** To get back to nudity again. Someone claimed you said that you can *look* nude without *being* nude. How do you do that?
**R. W.:** Some people falsely associate sex with nudity. You can be sexy without taking off your clothes. You might say it's the tease. I select all my own clothes and they're weapons when used correctly. I've learned what my image is and what my personality is, and I dress accordingly.
**SWANK:** Do you think luck has much to do with the building of a sex image?
**R. W.;** I work hard. I concentrate on career. You make your own luck. It's the child of hard work. You have to know who you are and from then on it's easy.
**SWANK:** You make it sound easy.
**R. W.:** When you talk sex and nudity you only talk about the shell, the wrappings. What's inside comes out. What a person *is* is important. It's never just what you see on the surface. I'm interested in politics. I read a lot. I always read *Time* and *Newsweek*. I'm a mother. I have been a wife. I think a lot, and read everything I can about acting although I think the art has been overemphasized. Directors choose an actress that's right for a part. If you're right for a part you don't have to pretend you're anyone else. When a director has a character in a picture that's the kind of girl I am, I often offer suggestions as to how that girl would act and re-act, and he's willing to take that suggestion.
**SWANK:** Isn't it true that the camera often makes you a different person than what you are?
**R. W.:** Yes, but I have an affinity for the camera. Maybe because I have a small face or maybe, like they say, a camera searches out everything.
**SWANK:** Sitting here with you I feel you are a completely different person than what you are on the screen. You look different, sound different and even your movements are different.
**R. W.:** I think that's true. As an actress you try to project. You're spewing something from inside outside. You're not relaxed. You're working, trying to get across a thought or act. But, then again, the way I'm talking to you is certainly defferent than talking to someone else. Let's say I'm many people but, then, so are most people.
**SWANK:** But you are. . . . . .
**R. W.:** Please, let me interrupt for a moment. I am not the actress that I was five years ago and I won't be the same five years from now. I think I am more human and less of a machine. Acting is a learning process. Living is a maturing process. Put them both together, for me, for example, and there is constant change. Like, I remember in Italy many years ago, a reporter asked me where I was headed. In my young enthusiasm, I said, "Headed! I've *arrived*." I don't feel that way anymore. There is so much I want. For one, a smash picture that will prove something. Not just that I am an actress but that I'm more than a beautiful manikin. What I would like to get across and emphasize it is that I love life. I want to tast it all. I never want to feel that I am satisfied.
(Raquel is 33 years old. Her measurements are 37-22-35. Her most publicized film was "Myra Breckinridge." She got the best reviews in "Kansas City Bomber." We mention this now because of the nature of the questions.)
**SWANK:** In some of your reviews, there's a strange coincidence. Critics pointed out that you were a new kind of sex symbol, not like Brigitte Bardot, for example, in that men in the audience couldn't feel close to you. That you were just someone to look at and not some-one to fantasize with. Also that it is unusual for a brunette to be a sex symbol. It has never happened before.
**R. W.:** I think that has a lot to do with my life off-screen. I don't go to the *Daisy* dancing at night or play backgammon at *Pip's*. My
*(Continued on page 42)*

**"I think sex goddesses are doomed to be unhappy."**

BRITT

"It's great," she admits with a smile, "but sometimes it gets a bit trying. Just how many, umm, romances can you keep going at the same time? And I'm definitely not the settling-down kinds. Not even settling-*in*, temporarily. Thanks, but not for me. I prefer my independence." Does that mean she doesn't have occasional, uh, *flings?*



# BRITT

Oh to be twenty-one, single—and—and beautiful.
Britt must have the world by the . . . uh, on a string.

# BRITT

"Oh, sure, but I like to break them off before they reach the 'possessive' stage. And then can come up the first time! But usually it's a matter of weeks, and, you know, weekends together before my *exclusive* companionship is requested. Or I should I say *demanded*. The funny thing is, I never make such demands. I figure he's going to be doing it anyway, so why make him cheat? Somehow, it just doesn't work in reverse."

# BRITT

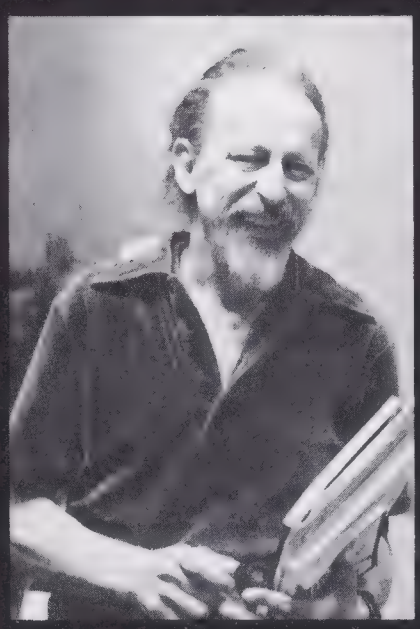
How long Will this attitude prevail?
Can't she envision another kind of relationship eventually?
"Perhaps, but I'd like to keep it this way for as long as possible.
Maybe I'm just being selfish. . ."
Or maybe she hasn't run into a strong enough reason to change.
"Well, I've had money, gorgeous bodies, incredibly good sex.
What else is there?"
Love.

# SCI-FI COMES OF AGE

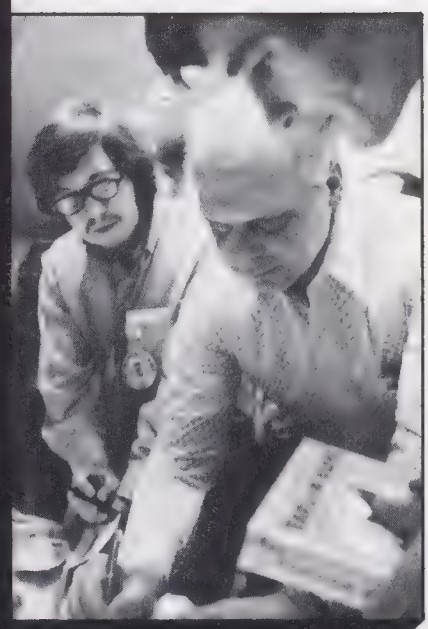
*Three thousand* science fiction fans, writers, editors, artists, sellers of books and magazines, and others interested or involved in the field were in Toronto for *Torcon*, the World Science Fiction Convention. It was the largest gathering yet for the event, *which drew only 200 when it began in 1939.* Since then, when it was held in conjunction with the New York World's Fair, it's been put on in most major U.S. Cities, as well as in London and Heidelberg.

Unlike any other genre of literature—mystery, Gothic, Western—s.f. has its own community of writers and readers who are, as Frederik Pohl put it, a "family." There's a personal interaction between fans and writers (a great many of whom were fans—and still are) that

*Isaac Asimov, Hugo and Nebula The Gods Themselves with author/ editor/critic Lester del Ray*



Theodore Sturgeon,



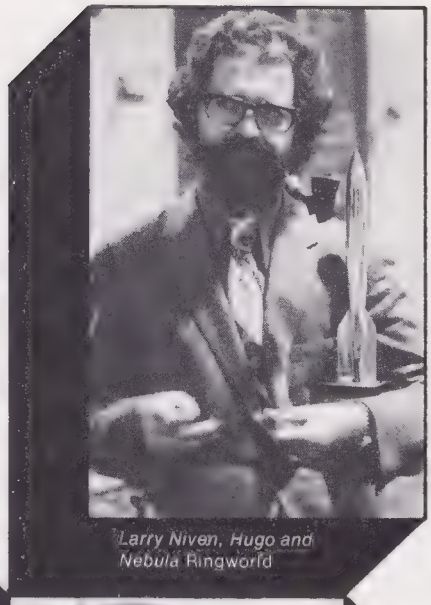
Philip José Farmer, Hugo winner To Your Scattered Bodies Go

# 'CONS' AROUND THE WORLD

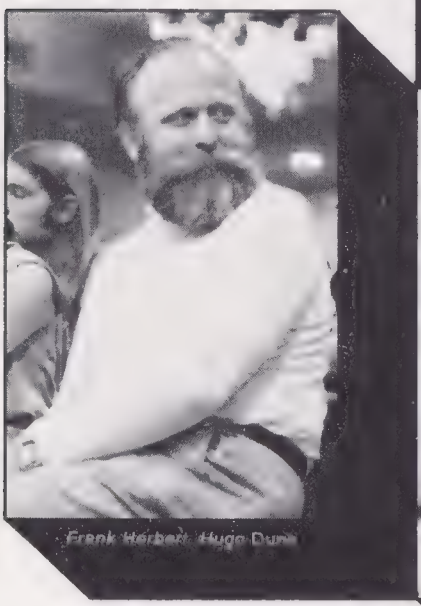
by Harvey L. Bilker

*SWANK*

# SCI-FI COMES OF AGE



Larry Niven, Hugo and Nebula Ringworld



Frank Herbert, Hugo Dune

Robert Silverberg, Hugo Nightwings

goes beyond the relationship of the bestseller-list reader, and author—who is more legend than flesh.

Numerous "cons" are held throughout the United States and in other countries, bringing people who maintain their "sense of wonder."

The average local s.f. con has an attendance of 100 to 300. The largest national cons so far have been the *Star Trek* conventions, with New York at a jammed *7,000* and Los Angeles attracting a sardine-packed *10,000*.

Behind it all is a worldwide phenomenon called "fandom," made up of readers and discussers of all ages who keep in touch with each other by belonging to clubs, publishing "fanzines" (s.f. fan magazines), and participating in annual regional, national, and international conventions.

If you know all about this, you're past the "neofan" stage. So just skip this piece and move on; indulge yourself in *Swank's* mighty issue of the quiet little area of literature that has only recently been "discovered" and has burst wide open. But if you don't know what fiawol means (fandom is a way of life), you might be interested in knowing of some of the cons that are presently held. Here is a smattering of the oddball names: *Westercon* (San Francisco), *Midwestcon* (Cincinnati), *Deepsouthcon* (New Orleans), *Philcon* (Philadelphia), *Boskone* (Boston), *Balticon* (Baltimore), *Disclave* (Washington, D.C.), *Lunacon* (New York), *Minicon* (Minneapolis), *Pghlange* (Pittsburgh), *Bubonicon* (Albequerque), *Milehicon* (Denver), *Comicon* and *Infinitycon* (both New York), and *Film-Con* (Los Angeles). Besides more in the U.S., they are also held annually in Japan, England, Italy, and many other foreign countries. An s.f. convention is usually alive and doing well somewhere every weekend, and some weekends there are more than one.

A common interest in s.f. literature is the common bond of fandom, and at cons, strangers introduce themselves to each other and form immediate friendships.

What goes on at a convention? The local ones are informal, usually with a writer Guest-of-Honor. Panels, talk, and discussions take place, and parties start in the evenings and continue until dawn.

Conversations at parties aren't necessarily only about science fiction. It's a known fact that readers of s.f. are brighter than most and, accordingly, they have wider interests. Sure, they'll be talking about Heinlein, Clarke, and Asimov and the latest star-probing flicks and TV shows, but they'll also be discussing other books and films and the latest discoveries of science, as well as additional, unlimited topics.

You'll find that a great number of fans are studying or are employed in the sciences: computer programming, chemistry, oceanography, astronomy; but you'll also meet others who aren't in science but who still have the scientific curiosity that makes reading, pondering, and puzzling out s.f. literature a pleasant, thought-provoking pastime.

The larger the cons are, the more complex they become. At the biggest ones, there are all night film showings, from Buck Rogers serials to the latest sci-fi releases, huckster rooms, where books, magazines, and other related s.f. goodies are on sale (dating back to the pulps and Mickey Mouse watches), art rooms—where s.f. art is sold, bidded on, and auctioned—and swimming for relaxation. There are meet-the-author parties, awards, and costume competitions staged at which the contestants are dressed up as characters from imaginative literature, comics and movies.

The *Worldcon*, one of the largest, is where the coveted Hugo is given for the best novel, short story, and many other best accomplishments in the field, both professional and fan.

And what are your favorite writers like when you meet them there? Friendly. They want to meet you, too. Isaac Asimov, probably the most prolific author in the genre of science writing, derives his greatest satisfaction from inspiring the young in accomplishment in the sciences.

Who were some of the Guests-of-Honor at the *Worldcons* prior to the last (which had Robert Bloch, author of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho)*? To name a few: Clifford Simak, Robert Silverberg, Philip Jose Farmer, Lester del Rey, Brian Aldiss, Robert A. Heinlein, James Blish, Poul Anderson, Richard Matheson, Arthur C. Clarke, and A.E. van Vogt.

And many of these and others show up at large *and* regional cons.

In addition to panels and talks, there are many other items of interest at cons, such as hologram displays, slide shows, informal discussion groups (on authors and futuristic subjects), and lectures by experts in scientific areas.

Aspiring s.f. writers will come across numerous panels on the marketing of short stories and novels, made up of participants who are foremost among those publishing today.

*(Continued on page 92)*

*A "Sci-Fi" Costume Ball winner*

*Larry Niven in a costume of the future*

*Eyeing the Costume Ball . . .*

# 'CONS' AROUND THE WORLD

JIMMY LEWIS writes to tell us...

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*One 5 minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love...DID IT!*

*Jimmy as he looked when he started.*

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*Only 7 days later amazing results — pot almost gone.*

*After 21 days — Slimmed, reshaped, looking younger, feeling better.*

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It's safer than strenuous workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts....or any other vigorous sport.

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Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUCHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' - it sure does a lot!

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"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

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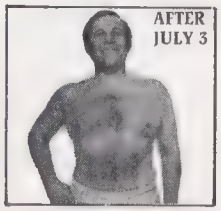


*"It took me 21 days to shape up!" says Jimmy Lewis.*

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# REVIEW

MOVIES
BOOKS
RECORDS

## MOVIES

### SERPICO

Al Pacino is Serpico in this stylized but sharply drawn study of an honest cop trying to keep afloat in an ocean of crookedness. As you all remember, Frank Serpico is the New York City cop who finally called-the-cops on all the internal corruption in the department. Through his efforts the Knapp Commission was formed and he also received a bullet behind his ears. The Knapp Commission has gone the way of all "reforms"; it picked up a few small fry while changing none of the basic rot of the system. And Serpico has now gone on to stardom and no doubt will be cutting a rock-and-roll record in the near future.

Dino Di Laurentis has packaged a widely entertaining and potently commercial merging of the many components that brought this story onto the nation's front pages. As a sociological documentary, it's fascinating, and as a film is validly cynical, throwing its hands up in dismay at the impossibility of changing any of the social institutions in which humans enshroud themselves. It held my interest and will no doubt hold yours, particularly if you're a cop who's seeing the film on municipal time. A.G.

*Serpico*

### DON'T LOOK NOW

I'm a sucker for scary stories and this is one of the best around. It's based on Daphne Du Maurier's short story that was originally published in a collection entitled *Not After Midnight*. This is the eighth work of hers, to be adapted to the screen, which has ranged from *Rebecca* to *The Birds*.

The story line contains the usual special blend of the author which incorporates love, death, murder, and psychic experience that results in terror.

John and Laura Baxter, portrayed by Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie are confronted in Venice by a series of bizarre incidences following the death in England of their young daughter. Most of the action takes place in Venice, which in keeping with the macabre story is seen less as an historic spot where tourists come in droves and more as a cold out-of-season city in which the traditionally romantic canals are mere navigational necessities from which the occasional corpse of a murder victim is dredged.

The director, Nicholas Roge's reputation as a director of photography resulted in huge acclaim for his work, in particular on *Performance* and *Walkabout*. This film holds together with solid structural craftsmanship and you will be as benumbed by the action as I was. A super-erotic fuck scene between Christie and Sutherland is the best I've ever seen in movies, and is far superior to even above average works such as *Devil In Miss Jones* and *Deep Throat*, but it's sad to report that in order to have the film

qualify for an "R" rating, all this sensual footage was scissored out.

A.G.

## THE SEVEN UPS

Have you ever asked yourself, "what's the matter with movies today?" There's a very simple answer to that question. Filmmakers, in general, have forgotten that movies "move" and you need a lot of action. Then there is Phil D'Antoni, who knows how to make a good film as witnessed by his productions of *Bullitt* and *The French Connection*. D'Antoni has done it again with his new picture, *The Seven Ups* . . . a movie that captures all the excitement of his previous two hits (notably a car chase sequence to end all car chase sequences). *The Seven Ups* takes you through New York City on a ten minute chase that has to be the most exciting action sequence ever filmed, ending with a car being sheared off under a trailer.

*The Seven Ups* are the dirty tricks squad of the NYC Police Department which handles unusual assignments. D'Antoni and screenwriters Alebert Ruben and Alexander Jacobs have created a suspenseful, skillful police drama that is highly recommended. Roy Schreider and Tony Lo Bianco are masterful in their starring roles. All in all, an exciting, entertaining film. They don't make too many like this one.

A.C.

## THE EXORCIST

This is Demonology at its most suspenseful. Deliciously horrifying, from beginning to end! Linda Blair, a young girl, is possesed by The Devil, and any of us who grew up with fear of the Boogyman, the Devil, Hell, spirits, and all other manifestations of Evil incarnate will recognize and share to the fullest the moment to moment fear. As it builds. And builds.

And builds.

Teeth clenching. Goosebumps crawling. Gripping. Wow! *Dynamite!*

Max von Sydow as the Exorcist who *will* rid the child of her demon is magnificent.

Here is a horror story the likes of which we have not seen for years; perhaps not since *Dracula* has a story been so excellently drawn and magnificently portrayed.

Here, too, is a deeply religious film whether one is an orthodox believer or not; the battle between priest and demon is powerful, but the battle between priest and self is of equal power as he tries to sort out the struggle within himself that he may exorcise the evil gripping the child.

Whether one has read the book (by Blatty) or not, knowing the ending doesn't keep one from becoming harnessed in the horror of the taut tale, old as man, of the never ending struggle between Good and Evil. It is, like the book, an immensely satisfying experience.

P.F.

*The Exorcist*

# BOOKS

## BESSIE:

By Chris Albertson; Stein and Day; $7.95.

Just over 50 years ago, in June, 1923, the first Bessie Smith record was released. *Columbia Records* would find itself with a gold strike whose vein has not run out to this day.

Bessie would come to be known as "The Empress of the Blues", and would be celebrated, eventually, the wide world over. But at her death in 1937, there would not be enough money to have even a tombstone marking her lonely grave. That would not be given her until 33 years later, when Mrs. Juanita Green—who had scrubbed Bessie's floors—and Janis Joplin, superstar of rock, would contribute $250 each to take care of the long overdue matter.

In *Bessie*, producer, writer and broadcaster Chris Albertson has drawn a magnificent portrait of a magnificent figure.

Bessie was called "my primary inspiration" by many female singers, among them Billie Holiday and Janis Joplin. She was a woman both loved and hated; she was big, loud, and dynamic. Her love life was *"a study in promiscuity, embracing both sexes . . . she wore ermine coats and diamonds, but preferred eating pigsfeet and drinking bad liquor in a ghetto alley to sampling canapes and cocktails in a white society that, in her later years, sought to woo her."*

Reading *Bessie* is not only informative, but becomes an experience in bawdy humor and rollicking fun as Albertson, using transcriptions from interviews with those who knew her best (and a host of other information sources) reconstructs, not only the lady herself, but an era when bootleg gin and low down blues was the order of the day.

Albertson has written for *down beat, Time, Life, Saturday Review* and the *New York Times*, and he uses every ounce of his considerable talent to bear on *Bessie;* his love of "The Empress" and *her* talent shines through even when he talks about the funkier situations she got into:

# REVIEW

*"This is it," announced Bessie as she went into her final number. She was feeling her liquor at this point, and her two companions were watching her closely, knowing it wouldn't take much to set her off.*

*As soon as the last number was finished, Grainger walked over to Ruby, momentarily shedding his genteel demeanor: "Let's get her out of here quick, before she shows her ass." Draping the ermine over her shoulders, they fell into either side of Bessie and began what they hoped would be a graceful exit.*

*All went well until an effusive woman stopped them a few steps from the front door. It was Bessie's hostess, Fania Marinoff Van Vechten.*

*"Miss Smith," she said, throwing her arms around Bessie's massive neck and pulling it forward, "you're not leaving without kissing me goodby."*

*That was all Bessie needed.*

*"Get the fuck away from me," she roared, thrusting her arms forward and knocking the woman to the floor. "I ain't never heard of such shit!"*

*In the silence that followed, Bessie stood in the middle of the foyer, ready to take on the whole crowd.*

*Grainger was the first to move. Gently he took one of Bessie's arms and told Ruby to take the other. Followed by the horrified stares of the guests, the two of them escorted the Empress out of the door . . .*

*They had reached the elevator before Bessie realized that she was being led away. She threw her arms in the air, almost knocking Ruby and Grainger to the floor, and started shouting again—"What the fuck are ya pulling me all over the damn place for?"*

*When the elevator door opened she stopped shouting, raised her head high, marched past the startled operator, and sank to the floor in the corner of the car.*

*"I don't care if she dies," said Grainger as he sighed and straightened the tam on his head.*

The above is one of the tamer scenes. . . .

We couldn't recommend *Bessie* higher. The movie version will star none other than the Bessie Smith of her own day, Roberta Flack, and will be co-produced by Albertson.

You can wait to see the movie if you like, but we strongly encourage the book for groundwork. It's really too good in its own form to pass on it.

P.F.

## MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR PORNOGRAPHY AND OTHER INTELLECTUAL FASHIONS:

By E. J. Mishan; Library Press; $7.95.

Strange. It's always more than a little amusing to find those who would put down freedom of choice in high brow, snotty, intellectual terms. More so, when the subject is porn and *the author seeks to sell* by riding the bandwagon with a hot title which all but says he's *for* it.

The title is *Making the World Safe for Pornography*. Commendable title. If he meant it. Mishan doesn't. What he's trying to sell is how to make the world safe *from* pornography.

In one part of his essay, he says, *"Certainly pornographic writers . . . have a pretty shrewd idea of what their public wants."*

The man has gall, to make an understatement. As he says, pornography is in the eyes of the beholder. I find his book to be pornographic. Less so than violence on television. But dangerously so, nevertheless.

Not only does he stand against pornography, but he stands against it as an intellectual, above the rest of us low lifes:

*"I confine myself (to writing of) . . . the growth over the last decade of the erotic, the 'lascivious,' the 'obscene' and the 'pornographic,' in literature, art and entertainment.*

*". . . there are . . . a number of emotional attitudes tending to favor the 'permissive' revolution. One of them is commonly found among the lower-middle-class and young middle-age group, in particular among social workers, civil servants, semi-professionals, including some educationalists. What appears to be common to such a group is a deep, almost desperate, desire to be associated with things 'progressive.' Any doubts about the value of a new 'cultural' departure are deemed absurd if not reactionary. 'The future' itself is a beacon, while 'the past' is seen as a long struggle upward through the darkness toward the present."*

Isn't it?

Mishan goes on to lay the final blow to us lower class types:

*"For this group, the highest virtue is tolerance—tolerance of any kind of social deviancy. You name it—they'll tolerate it."*

What creeps we low class bums are. Our crimes are seeing the future as a beacon, the past as a long struggle upward through the darkness, and being tolerant.

Chee, duh, youse intullekchooals chure is right on, Mishan.

*Good grief!*

P.F.

## THE PRINCESS BRIDE:

By William Goldman; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95.

This one is so exceptionally special, so much a unique experience, that it behooves one to go over and over just *how* to approach doing a review of it. The final result: there is *no way* to do a standard review. There is, as a matter of fact, no way to even capsulize it.

We aren't the only ones; publishers Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ended up putting this on the inside cover in place of any synopsis:

*"This is a book about fencing. Fighting. True Love, Hate. Revenge. Giants. Hungers. Bad Men. Good Men. Beautiful Women. Snakes. Spiders. Beasts of All Natures and Descriptions. Pain. Death. Brave Men. Cowards. Strong Men. Chases. Escapes. Captures. Lies. Truths. Passions. Miracles.*

*It is unlike anything you have ever read before, a totally diverting entertainment laced with wry commentary on life and love by a master storyteller."*

The publishers had such an agonizing time trying to capture the essence (impossible) of the content of this magical mystery tour, in fact, that they turned to the public in desperation. Through an ad campaign, they offered a $100 reward to those ten people who can best "describe the book's intrinsic appeal." *The winners were chosen by three real princesses:* Princess Nikita Romanoff, Princess Marilyn Obolensky, and Princess Margarita Di Niscami.

Now, anyone reading that widely spread public notice for help might think it a publicity ploy to sell more books.

Wrong.

If you were asked to describe the content and "intrinsic appeal" of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, could you sum it up in a couple of hundred words? You bet your sweet hiney you couldn't! So: take the heart beat of Tolkien and condense it, take the poignancy of *Winnie the Pooh's* Christopher Robin and remember when you were a young boy who finally discovered Literary Adventure, stir in a bit of Paul Bunyon, Huck Finn, D'Artagnon and . . . .

And then, throw up your arms in despair and admit it. Impossible. There's no way.

Just read it. Just don't miss it. Run out as fast as you can, wasting not a second, and, if you have any heart or soul or you've ever been a child, devour it. The first time. Then go over it again and savor it.

P.F.

# RECORDS

## I'M A WRITER, NOT A FIGHTER;

Gilbert O'Sullivan; MAM/London

Gilbert O'Sullivan began his career several years ago as one of the many Paul McCartney sound-alikes that popped up almost simultaneously (i.e. Emmit Rhodes, White Duck). His first album was decent enough, but didn't exactly show him to be an innovative songwriter. However, that album was more incisive and more valid than anything he's done since.

O'Sullivan's deterioration began—as if often does—with his first big hit, "Alone Again, Naturally," a clever lyric attached to an all too familiar melody (that I've heard at least a hundred times more than my tolerance can stand). After "Alone Again," O'Sullivan quickly became what some people (promoters, etc.) call "the biggest selling songwriter in the world" while his songs have headed downhill at breakneck speed.

O'Sullivan specializes in writing what can only be described as "meaningless pap," or "mindless drivel." His lyrics have never risen above the "moon/spoon/June" variety, and he's still using variations of the same melody. His most recent album, *I'm A Writer Not A Fighter,* demonstrates this perfectly. The same basic melody line permeates the album, while O'Sullivan constantly bombards the listener with one terrible lyric after another. His latest hit, "Ooooh, Baby," contains 38 lines of lyrics, 22 of which begin with the phrase "Ooooh, Baby" and are followed by clever rhymes like: "Whatever you've got/ You're making me hot" or "Your love is so bad/ it's driving me mad."

But perhaps O'Sullivan reaches his lyrical height on this album's closing cut, "Get Down," in which he refers to his lady love in the following manner: "Told you once before/ and I won't tell you no more/ Get down, get down, get down/ You're a bad dog, baby/ But I still want you around."

O'Sullivan obviously writes for the acned adolescent in the same pop vein as Lobo or the Carpenters, but without half the imagination or musical validity. I only hope Gilbert's "bad dog" does stay around. They deserve each other.

J.W.

**DYLAN;** Bob Dylan; Columbia

This album was released over and above Dylan's vehement opposition, signalling the fact that his long and lucrative relationship with *Columbia Records* had indeed come to an end. But like most "bootlegged" recordings (this being a legal one, however), Dylan stands as a valuable and often brilliant addition to the existing library of the artist's works.

It should also be taken into consideration, though, that Dylan's objections to this album's release are valid as well. *Columbia's* timing, just preceding Bob's first concert tour in years and just prior to the announcement that he is forming his

# REVIEW

own record label *(Ashes and Sand)* under the auspices of David Geffen's *Elektra/Asylum,* obviously capitalizes on these facts. Also, the songs included were, for the most part, recorded nearly three years ago, and at that time were deliberately left off *Self-Portrait.*

The opening cut, "Lily of the West," could easily have been included on the *Billy the Kid* sound track. Evoking the same era of the American West, it is a beautiful rendition, with quite unusual instrumentation. This cut is one of the best two on the album. Elvis' "Can't Help Falling in Love" is next, and is far more enjoyable than one might assume. "Sarah Jane," the only Dylan original, is an upbeat homage to his wife "and five little children." It is not exactly the profound love song one might expect from Dylan, but it does characterize the light-hearted approach to his music that has filled his albums since *Nashville Skyline.* Side one is closed by Peter La Farge's "The Ballad of Ira Hayes," a protest song with its roots in Dylan's outright folky days. It is certainly performed well enough, but is rather dated at this point.

Side two opens with Dylan's version of Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles." Albeit a classic song that has easily been recorded as many times as Fred Neil's "Dolphins" or Jackson Browne's "These Days," Dylan fails to add anything to it. His performance falls well behind Walker's own and doesn't come close to the emotion and elaboration David Bromberg gives the song on his brilliant, extended live version (on *Demon In Disguise; Columbia).* The only truly bad cut on the record is "Big Yellow Taxi," more so because it just sounds incomplete, and is way off balance.

"A Fool Such As I" is next, and while it is an enjoyable, speeded up version of Elvis' slow-tempo lament, it was not a good choice for the single to be extracted from this album.

The final cut on this altogether too short album is also the best cut. "Spanish is the Loving Tongue" (the flip side of the single "Watching the River Flow," and thereby the only Dylan-approved song) is beautifully performed, multi-leveled, and very effective. It, too, is reminiscent of *Billy the Kid,* and along with "Lily of the West," gives the album its only coherence.

Dylan's audience should react to this album along the same lines as *Self-Portrait;* those who liked and appreciated what Dylan was doing then will undoubtedly get more out of this. But *Dylan,* nonetheless, should be an important acquisition for any true Dylan fan. At least it provides a taste; something Dylan himself has denied us for too long.

J.W.

## BAND ON THE RUN;

Paul McCartney & Wings; Apple

*Band On The Run* is the album most reminiscent of the Beatles as a group to come out since they split up. It even surpasses Ringo's excellent solo album on which all four play minor parts. The bulk of *Band* brings back the last days of *Abbey Road* and *Let It Be,* which McCartney dominated. But it contains other Beatle elements that none of the others have been able to capture on their various solo efforts.

This is also Paul's best work since his first album, coming at long last after two mediocre records *(Ram* and *Wildlife),* and one with a glimmer of hope *(Red Rose Speedway).* McCartney is coming back into his own; exploring again instead of stagnating, and it's a pleasure to hear. I couldn't recommend this album more.

J.W.

## ATTEMPTED MOUSTACHE;

Louden Wainwright III; Columbia

This is Louden's fourth album and easily his most listenable. He has long been known, in a growing circle of fans, to be a song writer of incredible wit and imagination with an ability to combine comedy and tragedy on a level usually associated with literature, not music. And, like the great literate songwriters of the recent past—Noel Coward and Cole Porter—Louden has a way of couching social insights into a humorous (though often cynical) lyric.

Musically, Louden's albums have progressed from self-accompaniment to what is now a full band with no-holds-barred production by Bob Johnston, producer of Dylan, Johnny Cash, Simon & Garfunkle and others. *Attempted Moustache* is a great album. One of today's best.

J.W.

## SHE IS A SONG;

Rick Roberts; A&M

Rick Roberts first came to public attention as the late Gram Parson's replacement in The Flying Burrito Bros. Roberts brought out a mellower side of that legendary group and contributed several excellent songs. After the Burritos broke up, Rick found himself in a position to do what he always wanted to do—record a solo album.

Produced by one time fellow-Burrito, Chris Hillman, *She Is A Song* contains mostly Roberts originals, augmented by a few Steve Stills numbers and one by the brilliant Paul Siebel. Call it sophisticated L.A. country music, but *She Is A Song* is a truly beautiful album.

J.W.

# RAQUEL

*(Continued from page 24)*

romances are not diarized in the daily columns, and the one marriage I had as an actress was looked upon by fans as more of a business arrangement. I don't smoke and I don't drink. I don't wear revealing clothes offscreen. I think I even have a Puritan outlook on life. I think men seeing me on screen sense that. It's as I said before, what you are inside comes through under that camera magnifying glass. On the other hand I like to think of myself as a real, feminine woman. I elected to be an actress but if I were anything else my life would be the same off-screen.

**SWANK:** And the brunette part of it? Why all of a sudden has public taste changed?

**R. W.:** I think that's easy. Motion pictures made in Hollywood are now for international distribution. That's where the money is now. So for the European market, for example, they want a brunette to identify with.

*(At this point Leon Fromkess, the producer of the film as yet untitled, came to the dressing room after a truck stop. It seemed Raquel had again become a different person. She again made that gesture of covering her knees and she seemed less defensive than with me. They discussed a scene to be played. Raquel's answers and suggestions were practical and bright. It was obvious Leon was picking her brain. This was no manikin. She loved movies, loved doing them and wanted them to be right. But I thought of all the bad pictures she had played in, "One Million Years B.C.," "100 Rifles," "Bedazzled" and others. Why? Maybe that's the way a sex symbol has to start—with anything they give her. I realized I had now spent an hour with her yet had a strange fascination for her. It wasn't just that she was a sexy woman. She had the ability to take you into her confidence and make you feel she was your friend. She had lots of enemies, though, I had learned. Mostly because she was strong-minded, obstinate, sure of her own opinions and less feeling about other people's opinions. Way back, Raquel was Spanish (Raquel Tejada was her name) and there definitely was a Spanish glow to her. Dark eyes and full lips accented Spanish blood. She had also danced a lot and that was evident in her grace and the easy fall of her footsteps. Critics of her private life said she had little humility. But then why should she have humility? As I watched her with Fromkess I thought, this is the most attractive woman in Hollywood. Every move is magnetic. I thought how difficult it must be for a producer to disregard her feminine charm and handle her like just another actress who has to be shown and disciplined.)*

**SWANK:** Are you bothered by fans on the street? Can you safely move about alone without being talked to, asked for autographs or molested in one way or another? Do you still have your privacy?

**R. W.:** It isn't so bad in this country, but in Europe, as soon as word gets out I'm on the streets the photographers start following me. For a while I carried a squirt gun and let them have it. But in America there's seldom a reason why I have to be out alone. And then again, what actress doesn't like that kind of attention?

**SWANK:** You've had clashes with this star and that, but what happened between you and Mae West? There were all sorts of vague references to a feud between you, but no one ever pinned down the facts.

**R. W.:** When I first met Mae on the set of *Myra Breckenridge* I adored her and sent her flowers. She's a marvelous woman. Then I wore a black and white dress and it was the color scheme Mae ordered for herself and she had made some kind of deal that no one else on the set could wear it. Well, I finally gave in and I wore a black dress with very light blue ruffles. There were several silly confrontations like that. But I admire the woman even though she thinks she has to write every line she has to speak. Listen, she's 80 and is a legend in her own time. *I* should look like that at 80.

**SWANK:** Mae was a sex goddess in her time and she has withstood the slings and arrows of fortune. So it can be done.

**R. W.:** I think sex goddesses are doomed to be unhappy. Mae satirized sex. That's why I don't think I am just a sex goddess and I hope some day I can prove it.

**SWANK:** This is a sensitive subject, but what was the problem between you and Jim Brown when you made *100 Rifles* in Spain?

**R. W.:** I honestly don't know what caused it all. We had many love scenes together and they went off smoothly. Off the screen he wouldn't talk to me. But he was a good actor and that's all that counts.

*(The rumor was that the two had a love affair and after a bit Brown beat her up. She has since denied this and Brown wouldn't even deny it. He wouldn't talk about it.)*

**SWANK:** You once said that your discontent and problems arose because men in Hollywood accept you as a sex symbol and nothing else, and that's what gets you angry. Is that what has caused some of your feuds?

**R. W.:** I've said and I say it again that the term "sex symbol" has become synonymous with shallowness, lack of talent and lack of intelligence. People sneer at you and try to make you feel inadequate as a human being. I never started out to try to do this thing anyway, but I'm not going to apologize for my own image or my success. This lady here does the sex thing better than any other lady I know. But now, we're in an age of soft sell. I don't want to be part of an old-fashioned hackneyed idea. A lady needs a change. If nobody trusts me enough to give me other kinds of parts, I won't go on. It's one thing to be a flash in the pan. It's another to stick around.

**SWANK:** Who are some of your favorite actresses who have stuck around?

**R. W.:** Most of all I admire Katherine Hepburn. I read

*(Continued on page 46)*

"Do you hear me, Rodney, you sonofabitch?! I'm going to continue to irritate you . . . that's poison ivy!"

# INTRODUCING

Star Dusted

## david ESSEX

David Essex, the Columbia recording artist who has leapt to Number 1 in the New Musical Express hit parade with his self-penned songs "Rock On" and "On and On" (produced by Jeff Wayne), was born in Plaistow in the East End of London on July 23, 1947: son of a doctor, his mother was the great-niece of the famous fortune-teller Gypsy Rosie Lee—not the American stripper!

David's first ambition was to be a drummer, and when he happened to glance into a music-shop window one day he saw a lovely drum kit which he persuaded his father to buy for him . . .

At 14 he joined a blues band and sang and played the drums in East End clubs and pubs. One night a former show-business writer, Derek Bowman, was in the pub and noticed the dark, tousel-haired, blue-eyed drummer. He was struck by the tremendous style of David, and when the group broke up Bowman persuaded David to go solo as a singer.

After making a few singles which did not gel, Bowman began a long-term build-up for David; even having his voice trained and sending him to dancing lessons.

David got his first break in the theater when he was accepted into a touring repertory company playing the lead in the American musical *The Fantasticks*. When he auditioned for *Godspell* he was ready for the challenge and was chosen from hundreds of young actor-singers for the role of Jesus Christ in the religious rock-musical which opened in London in November, 1971.

Next came *That'll Be The Day* in which he was given the starring role of Jim McLaine, with Ringo Starr playing his friend Mike. The film is about the late 1950's in Britain set against the background of the rise of rock'n'roll music, and is a serious drama. For his part in the film David was nominated by the Evening News for the most promising newcomer in films. David is due to make a sequel *Star Dust* (with soundtrack produced by Phil Spector) and it's set in the 1960's and comes up to the present day.

Inevitably

## david PARKS

The Parks men are an incredible family of achievers. Father Gordon Parks Sr. has mantles full of trophies for his excellency as a still-photographer for such magazines as *Look* and *Life*, to name just a couple. His excellence in photo-journalism was hailed as a breakthrough for blacks, and then he did it again as the writer/director (etc) of *The Learning Tree*—the first black director of a major motion picture! He followed *that* up with directing the millions-earning *Shaft*, *Shaft's Big Score*, and, most recently, *The Super Cops*.

Then, namesake son, Gordon Parks Jr., followed in those footsteps with *Super Fly*.

During his growing-up years, younger son-brother David quietly went about watching his father. During the years he wasn't in school, he loaded film into Parks Sr.'s cameras, observed, and asked questions. An evening at home often featured Parks Sr. sitting in his easy chair, drinking a brandy, quietly holding court with his family before the fireplace: they're a close clan.

It was inevitable that both sons of a talent such as Gordon Parks would eventually come into their own. First Gordon Jr., with his *Super Fly*. Then it was David who, besides having his photographic works appear in *Ebony*, *Essence*, *Look* and *Playboy* (and soon *Swank*), also served in Vietnam and recorded his experiences in an excellent book, written journalese fashion: *G.I. Diary*. In *Diary*, David's own special brand of dry humor and insight shines.

David's work as a freelance photographer and film-maker have taken him to not only Nam, but also to the Caribbean, Europe, and from coast to coast in the U. S. His film credits include service as Special Photographer for Martin Ritt's *The Great White Hope*, Paul Williams' *The Revolutionary*, his father's *Shaft* and his brother's *Super Fly*, for which he also did the publicity.

Only twenty-eight-years-old, David studied for two years at Ricker College and another two at Rochester Institute of Technology School of Photography and Filmmaking. He also spent two years in Paris and the South of France perfecting his unique style.

Currently, David is directing his first major motion picture, shooting on the streets of New York City. The film's title *Ninja*, means the oneness of body and mind. If *Ninja* is as together as David, the Parks family will have earned yet one more coup for the clan.

Mail order rip-offs are a dime a dozen, but rare, indeed, is the mail order house that is every bit as good as its advertising proclaims. The *Warehouse Sound Co.* (Railroad Square, Box S. San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. Phone: 805-543-2330), specializing in stereo equipment, is *better* than its advertising.

Though barely old enough to walk—only in business four years—it already leads the field. And the outrageous prices tell you why. Twenty to twenty five per cent less than a retail outlet. On any (any?), yes, *any* brand. They carry them all.

The youngish staff (average age:22) is obviously out to stop everybody from getting ripped off on stereos. And to provide service, as well. As President Cliff Branch, age 24, told us: "We bust ass to ship everything within 48 hours."

Don't gloat too much as you start to figure this year's income tax and gleefully deduct the 6¢ per mile gasoline allowance for Old Bessie's use. As you watch the nickles and dimes roll up, you might want to reflect on the latest statistics from the *Insurance Information Institute.*

According to their analysts, a standard (mid-size) car costs 13.6¢ per mile to operate. Obviously more (sometimes a hell of a lot) if you own a fuel-guzzling "luxury" model or hi-powered sports car, a little less for a compact.

Do you kind of get the feeling you're losing something along the way?

Now that you've bought the camera and are setting out for some family powow in Oshkosh, Minnesota, send a large (No. 10) Stamped-Self-Addressed-Envelope to *Fuji Photo Film* (350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001).

"Why?" she asked demurely. Because, friends, then the good people will send you six stickers you can slap on luggage, warning every customs agent from here to Borneo, DO NOT X-RAY! That way, bunky, all your shots of Aunt Esther and the twins won't be ruined. At least unintentionally.

One recent television industry development that rates a plus is the plug-in module, which makes it much easier for repairmen to pinpoint a problem in your set and quickly and efficiently service it. Motorola's system gets our recommendation because it incorporates yearly improvements onto the old modules. In other words, a 1974 module can still be used in a 1970 set, which dramatically increases both the life and picture quality of that TV.

# CONSUMER TIPS

by Ron Fry

Two shreds of info for tire buyers:

(1) The loss of traction because of improper inflation far outweighs the difference in traction between the various types of highway rubber on the market.

(2) The loss of traction caused by worn treads far outweighs the difference in traction between new tires of different types.

*Moral:* Take better care of the old tires and you won't need new ones as quickly. Besides, you'll be richer, happier, and, most importantly, safer.

*CAN'T BEAT IT BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: The Homeowners Survival Kit* by Arthur Watkins (Hawthorne Books, 242 pp., $6.95), aptly subtitled: "How to Beat the High Cost of Owning and Operating your Home."

"Aptly" because it gives excellent hints on reducing such things as excessive taxes and utility charges, tells you how to use mortgage payments to your best advantage, lets you know what "being properly insured" really means to you, and a host of other, but by no means lesser, gems.

*BEST BUY:* In stereo headphones—the *Sennheiser* HD414 (from *Sennheiser Electronic Corp.*, New York City). Approximately $42.00 retail. An on-the-ear headphone that features incredibly smooth overall frequency response over a wide range. Lets you dig the hi's and lo's as well as the middle's.

## RAQUEL

*(continued from page 42)*

everything I can about her and I see all her pictures. I like the way she handles herself too in private life. She's a private person, yet warm.

**SWANK:** Raquel, as a standard-bearer of femininity, what do you think of Women's Liberation?

**R.W.:** I think if the Women's Liberationists get their way women of the future will be machines, zombies, and the real guts of woman will be gone. They're making girls too unobtainable. Too hard for man to get to. A woman should be soft, living a life of order and restraint; one who looks forward to a man who will be gentle and tender. I don't want women to be any different than they were a hundred years ago.

**SWANK:** What can you tell us about yourself that is secret—information you haven't given out before? Or isn't there anything?

**R. W.:** Let's see. I got straight A's in drama school. I write good poetry. I once liked riding on buses and fantasizing about the future. Now the future is here. I think I am puritanical, vulnerable. I look askance at other actresses doing what I did. Going to Europe, getting themselves photographed in every possible way, doing all sorts of things for publicity and hoping for some kind of sex image. I think it's harder than that to score a preparation so that you can meet opportunity head on. And I think you need a man behind you who believes, with no doubts.

**SWANK:** What has been your greatest disappointment?

**R.W.:** I think being up for a lead with Jane Fonda in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They.* And then being turned down.

• • •

## STRAIGHT TALK

*(continued from page 19)*

er be a vague memory but a physical *actuality* which she must confront. We suspect that she's just testing you, and your regard to her dignity. Give her a little actual proof that your respect for her is not lessened. Certainly, however, don't push anything a second time. But play it as it comes, and, naturally, go along on a second threesome if all parties seem in accord. This time, however, pay more attention to *your* woman instead of her friend. That's what's at the base of a lot of this whole thing.

I am a graduate student, and I am very busy pursuing my doctorate at a university. I have an assistantship, which means that I have to teach some freshman courses. I have to study for the classes I take, and prepare for the classes I teach. As you can imagine, this kind of life keeps me very busy.

I'm so busy that I can find time to get together with my lover only once every two weeks or so. Whenever we get together, we come flying at each other and enjoy two weeks worth in one night of passion. Then, it's back to the old grindstone for me. Of course, I get very horny between these meetings, and so does my lover. I've told him that, because I cannot be with him more often, he should not feel that he must be faithful to me. He says that he doesn't want anybody else, that I am worth waiting for.

He gets very horny, too, in the weeks between our sessions in bed. He thinks he's found an answer to this problem, but, frankly, I don't like it. Whenever we make love, he turns on his tape recorder and records the sounds of our session. Then, when I am too busy to be with him, he plays back the tape and whacks off. I'm not sure that this is a wholesome thing to do. I suspect that this practice that he has devised does not exactly ring the bell for mental health. Am I driving him over the edge? Is he making himself crazy? Wouldn't he be better off with some real, live girl, than whacking off to a tape recorder? Should I tell him to stop this? Or has he really flipped out already? I hope it's not too late for him to stop this weird behavior. I don't want his personality to be damaged.

*D.L.*

Shame on you! You're an educated girl, and you certainly should know better. You do not mention what you are getting your doctorate in, but we're certain it is not psychology. Perhaps you should read through some basic psychology textbooks. It might do you some good.

We've said it before, and we'll say it again: ABSOLUTELY NO HARM CAN BE CAUSED BY MASTURBATION! This old fear, this false belief that masturbation can damage the body or the mind certainly dies hard. The idea that masturbation is harmful probably began as an attempt to justify narrow-minded moralistic beliefs that are today completely obsolete.

What your boyfriend is doing is really a great compliment to you. He'd rather have your shadow, your memory, your echo, than the live presence of some other girl! With his tape recorder, he can relive the last precious moment that he was with you. If he enjoys this, and it makes him feel close to you while you are apart, why should you condemn it? To repeat, you should feel complimented.

Dismiss completely from your mind the notion that your boyfriend is being nutty. His attitude is much healthier than your own!

## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

*(continued from page 16)*

against anal sex. I don't consider it something dirty. The few times I have tried it—most recently with the guy I've been dating—it was so painful that I couldn't enjoy it. This guy is gentle and loving so I decided that now's as good a time as any to fully acquaint myself with the art of Greek culture.

Does anal intercourse have to be painful? What are some positions which make insertion less painful? Please tell me this plus anything else which you think might make anal sex more enjoyable for me.

S.K.
Boston, Mass.

Before you jump into bed, empty your lower intestinal tract—if you fail to do this, the experience could end-up being not only unpleasant but also rather painful. When you do get into bed, start-off your lovemaking with lots of caressing, kissing, oral sex and whatever else turns you on. When you are extremely aroused and relaxed into feeling your own body, have him gently insert his fingers into your anus—this experience is enhanced if he just happens to have his tongue between your legs at the same time.

*(continued on page 68)*

# CRYONICS

A Chilling Look at Life-After-Death: Thirteen People Have Already Been 'Frozen' for Future Re-animation. What Sounds Like Sci-Fi 'B' Movie Material Just Might Be the Coming . . . Er, *Going* Thing!

by
John Austin

ITEM: Aristotle Onassis has reserved two crypts for Cryonic suspension at the Wiltshire Institute in England, for himself and his wife, Jacqueline.

ITEM: Walt Disney wanted to be placed in Cryonic suspension following his death several years ago.

ITEM: Genevieve de la Poterie, 8 years old, and dead of terminal cancer, was placed in Cryonic suspension in Los Angeles on the orders of her parents.

STORY ON PAGE 76

# KISS OF FIRE

He drank ice crystals laced with midnight and watched their world burn. A greenperson floated up beside him, and touched his sleeve. There was static electricity in the compartment; a tiny spark. "Mister Redditch, when you have a moment, the Designer would like to disturb air with you."

**Fiction by Harlan Ellison**

©1972 by HARLAN ELLISON

# KISS OF FIRE

Redditch looked down. The greenperson's eye was watering. "Tell him I'll be along." The greenperson's flaccid skin went to an ivory-gray hue, capturing the disquiet and weariness in Redditch's voice. He floated away, adjusting his hue exactly, so the message could be transmitted without the slightest semantic misinterpretation.

Redditch turned back to the teleidoscope, the tanger, the sensu, the catcheye and the straight black tunnel that showed him their world burning. The solar prominences had died away to self-satisfied blandness; unctuous. There was little out there now but smoldering ash, but the sensu was still getting a reading high into the nines and the teleidoscope was turning it, turning it, combining colors and sending them back in some new spectral spectrum. He raised the drink to his lips, but he could not taste it. The tanger overrode, even in the control compartment. It was the smack of salt-rising bread and salamanders.

A rolling checker came out of its bay and made its way through the coils of readout sheets littering the deck. Redditch had designed and combined and set up the nova with great care, and the sheets had endlessly tongued out of the aesthetikon and he had let them lie. The checker got through the tangle and palmed open the hookup compartment and re-attached the feed to stateroom 611. But it hardly mattered: the clients in 611 had played gin rummy straight through the program. The checker returned to its bay.

Redditch downed the last of his drink, ran his tongue around the rim of the hollow crystal, and set it down on the console. He sighed and rubbed his weary, itching eyes. He was tired from the inside-out to the very tips of his fingers. And now, the Designer. . .

When he emerged from the dropshaft and walked through the theater lounge, a blustery purple-class voyager and a fat duchess with sausage fingers and noisy rings greeted him, congratulated him on the performance, offered him social congress. The man was probably a salesman of myth-sticks, and the woman was clearly a remittance relative. He smiled and thanked them and hurried on through the theater. A clique still plugged into their tunnel applauded him, and he acknowledged their appreciation with a vague gesture of his sensor hand. It sparkled with reflected light from the overhead inkys.

Whores were busily trying to drum up some business, trying to catch a few voyagers who had absorbed the empathy of the programmed death and who were, at least for the moment, "alive."

They were having a rough time of it. One lithe creature with a charged ring through the lips of her vagina, was trying with all the powers at her command to get a thin, salivating messenger to buy her favors. She was bent over him, her hand inside his chiton, massaging his privates. But his eyes were rolled up in their sockets and Redditch would have taken odds her till and her ring would go empty.

A tag-team, two black-and-ochre Sedalians, had a suety emissary trapped deep in his formfit. One of them had pulled off his embassy pouch and sash, and had lowered herself onto his body. It seemed unlikely she would be able to get him erect enough for insertion, and her sister was tonguing one of the several underarm vaginas the man had had surgically added to his grotesque bulk. While they worked over him, Redditch passed and heard the man mumbling, "Don't be ridiculous, this is ridiculous, my sperm brings a thousand a decaliter, I'm certainly not going to give it away and *pay* you for the privilege." Redditch quite agreed. He wondered why the ship's comptrollers continued to hire on whores; they were virtually an anachronism, holdover from centuries before. They certainly couldn't be doing enough business to warrant their continued employment.

He kept walking. Once, after a long programming, he had passed through the theater and one of the new whores, a lanky young man with pustules, had propositioned him. Redditch had laughed and there'd been some repercussions with the guild, until the Designer had straightened out the matter.

He saw her sitting alone, and when she looked up at him as he approached, the singular beauty contained in her face, particularly her slanted eyes, made him slow his pace. Her right arm was lying along the rest, and she bent it at the elbow, raising the slimfingered hand. It was enough to stop him.

"You programmed the death?" she said, with no rising inflection. He nodded, smiling in a sudden rush of anticipation of her congratulations. She looked away.

He felt as though something had been stolen from him.

The Designer was lying out in a leaf chair that moved idly in its free-fall nimbus. Every eye in his forehead row was closed, but Redditch could tell he was perceiving his surroundings by the fibrillation of root threads that spiked his cheek-pouches. Crystals of ergonovine sparkled amid the threads. The Designer's backers were seated around the observatory suite.

"Come in," the Designer said. The leaf chair moved.

"I'm in." He slumped into a composeat and punched out tranquilizers and an antacid. He wanted to stay calm through it all. Outside the observatory cycle ports the nova phased through from yellow-ochre to gold as he watched. "Something on your mind, Keltin?"

The Designer opened three yes eyes.

"Where must your mind be?" He said it with carefully chilled contempt. A greenperson hovered just beyond the nimbus, unnecessarily translating the tone in colors.

Redditch yawned. "*Madison Square Garden,* a 1932 Paramount Pictures release starring Jack Oakie, Marian Nixon, Zasu Pitts, Willian Boyd and Lew Cody. 'A romantic, dramatic story of three men and two girls fighting desperately to rout the mechanism of unseen forces.' Running time, seventy-six minutes."

One of the backers threw his drink at the bulkhead. He stared to shout something, but a checker emerged from its bay and caught the crystal before it hit, sucking up every drop of fluid before it could stain the grass. The backer turned away in frustration.

The Designer opened a no eye. "There are clauses in your contract, Redditch."

Redditch nodded. "But you won't use them."

He only wished Keltin *would* relieve him. Fat chance.

Another of the backers, a florid man with a thrilled and dyed topknot, hunched forward. "You can't possibly call that death viable? Sparks, man, there were actually paying guests *sleeping* through it. I saw a monitor estimate that had thirty-two per cent, that's *thirty-two* per cent of the audience into the sevens with boredom! How the hell do you expect us to drain off enough empathy to syndicate

*(Continued on page 94)*

# "DON'T CALL ME A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER": HARLAN ELLISON

## An Improbable Profile of an Improbable Talent

by
Jack Curtin

"Aha!" shrieked Harlan Ellison, and whirled around to wave his finger accusingly under my nose. "You see! You see! I knew it! I knew it!"

"Huh?" I was in the third straight 15 to 18 hour day following this apparently tireless madman through a New York science-fiction convention and was far beyond the possibility of any sparkling repartee.

"You're doing it! You're acting just like me! I knew it would happen: you're acting just the way I do!"

Me? Acting like Harlan Ellison? *Jesus!*

Digression number one: *One writer writing about another poses a fundamental problem. How do you interpret your feelings? Do you dislike your subject because you envy him resent him? Do you like him because he represents a success you would be pleased to share? How do you judge your response? It is probable, perhaps even necessary, that you assimilate at least part of the personality of the subject, to become almost as one with him. But how to judge your gut reaction to it all?*

*So, a confession: my initial temptation was to paint Harlan Ellison with the "Sammy Glick" brush: young man on the make, brash, tough, hard driving to the top above all else. Ellison is admittedly abrasive, after all, and I could well understand another writer's contention that he can be taken in small doses only.*

*But it just wouldn't wash.*

*You see, I like the guy. It's as simple as that, and the reasons why don't really matter in the end. When he, in a phrase more expressive than eloquent, terms a critic "an asshole," I can dig it. The man has, after all, just shown himself worthy of the description before me and hundreds of others. And if Ellison at times comes on too strong, what of it? He is real, he is human, he is—by God—himself.*

*Be then forewarned: while this is no paean I come to praise and not to bury.*

It is undoubtedly a cliche to say that, if Harlan Ellison didn't exist, Harlan Ellison would have invented him. But cliches, by definition, are at the center truth. And, in a very real sense, Harlan Ellison *is* his own creation. (For which fact, those among us who admire talent should pause and offer thanks to whatever gods we might choose, knowing full well that, if they are gods like unto

those perceived by Ellison, they will in the end savage us unmercifully.)

He exists on two distinct levels, does Harlan Ellison. First, and ideally most important, is *Ellison the writer*. Here is a success story of no mean proportions. Ellison is the most honored writer in the history of the science fiction genre, for such powerful stories as *"'Repent Harlequin!' said The TickTockMan," "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream,"* and *"The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World."* He has twice won the *Writers Guild of America Award* for the best television script of the season. The World Science Fiction Convention has honored him six times, four with the *Hugo Award* as an author and twice with special plaques as an editor. The prestigious *Nebula Award* of the *Science Fiction Writers of America* has twice been his, and it appears likely to be his a third time this April for the superb novelette, *"The Deathbed"*. He is considered one of the vanguard of the "New Wave" (as opposed to the "Old Guard," the distinctions between the two being stylistic, attiduinal and of interest only to those more concerned with the politics of the field than with the quality of its fiction).

As a writer, he is a master of emotion. He has described his stories as "assalts," as explosions which tear at the reader, envelop him, involve him. "I have a lust to do it all,' he has said, and the record bears him out: Ellison has written—writes—everything from television criticism to personal essays to short stories to television and movie scripts to comic books to incredibly long letters. He writes steadily, daily, prolifically. He is a master of the first draft and has, on several occasions, sat down in the middle of a party and, either alone or in conjunction with another writer, turned out a passable piece of fiction.

One of the oddities—maybe "irony" is the word—about the career of Harlan Ellison is that it is as an editor that he has made his most important contribution to date. Nearly a decade ago, he decided to put together an anthology of science fiction stories, an antholgy to be called *Dangerous Visions*. The premise was typical Ellison, designed to outrage traditionalists in the field: the book was to be a showcase for stories that could be printed nowhere else—for stories that broke all the rules, flaunted all the traditions, gave writers the freedom that any genre, with its clearly defined limits, automatically denies them.

*Dangerous Visions* became, like its editor, the most honored item of its kind in the field. The book was hailed as a landmark, a breakthrough, a monumental achievement. It also became, by dint of its success, the first volume of a trilogy. *Again, Dangerous Visions*, the second volume, was even larger than its predecessor and won just as much acclaim. *The Last Dangerous Visions* will be published late in 1974; it has grown to a two-volume, boxed set, priced in the $25 range. While more than pleased with the results of it all, Ellison says today that "This is it. I am delighted to get out of editing. I never expected this to be a ten-year project and I can tell you that it has been a pain in the ass."

That same degree of bluntness comes through when he confronts another sacred cow, the "ghetto mentality" of the science fiction field. Among the organized fans and many of the old-line writers, there is a tendency to read out of the field those who do not conform to certain strict limitations. Worse yet, in Ellison's viewpoint, there is a tendency on the part of those people, publishers in general and the reading public as a whole to assume that the science fiction label means Buck Rogers, bug-eyed monsters, spaceships and the like.

"Don't call me a science fiction writer," Ellison is wont to scream at an audience. "If you must say something, say that I write 'street fiction,' horror stories for our times. I used to call it 'speculative fiction,' but even that was only a way station. I am a fantasist, I write about dreams—about the old gods who have died, about the new gods who are created because people believe in them. I write about violence because violence means confrontation. To write about people is to write about violence."

At the heart of all that is the other Ellison.

*Ellison the personality.*

Harlan Ellison has been financially successful as few others in his field have been, aside from the superstars like Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov and Kurt Vonnegut. And all of them, in a sense, have achieved success by escaping the ghetto rather than rising within it. Ellison just plain refused to accept the fact of the ghetto at all.

He has achieved this in large part by making himself a real and dominant character above and apart from the quality of his work. The most obvious and controversial aspect of this campaign has been his deliberate and brilliantly conceived program of writing introductions to virtually everything he produces. Reading a collection by Ellison is, by definition, a visit with the man himself. He tells you how a story was written, why it was written, what he feels about it and any number of other things. He rebukes, reminisces and reveals.

It goes beyond that. Not that the Ellison personality is a created thing, understand. Far from that. What has happened is that the man has freed himself to be himself. He is on stage and aware that he is on stage, no doubt, but there is—even in moments of arrogance or cruelty—a reality that is appealing in and of itself.

Consider Harlan Ellison in Philadelphia, whence he had come as a personal favor merely because he had liked a single line, a single insight, in a letter he had received from a teacher at a progressive private high school there.

He steps off the train at 30th Street Station, to be met by a delegation from the school. A thin black kid steps forward while the others are presenting him with a bouquet of flowers and sticks a flower between the stem of his glasses and his ear.

"Hey, what's your name?"

"Duane."

"Listen, Duane, if you don't get this fucking flower out of my glasses, I'm going to kick your ass."

On the ride to the school, he turns to the teacher escorting the group and smiles innocently: "Hey, do you put out or not, for Christ's sakes?"

During his first classroom appearance, he suddenly reaches over, grabs a textbook and heaves it at the head of a whispering student. "Listen, motherfucker, I have a hard enough time thinking without distractions, so just shut up."

Later, he stands in the hallway talking with another member of the faculty and somehow they get to talking about Newark, New Jersey. "Oh yeah," says Ellison casually, "the last time I was in Newark, I was handing guns to this black guy who was shooting cops out of the window."

Digression number two: *How much of it is true? How much is mere bravado—Ellison's tales of smashing an officer in the mouth during an abortive military career, his claims to being a trained killer, his stories of having his arm broken during a civil rights demonstration? There is a tendency, if not to dismiss it all, at least to see it as an*


(Continued on page 96)

photographed by
SIWER OHLSSON

# COUPLING *naturally*

*When boy meets girl,*
*it just comes naturally . . .*

*Not the old slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am scene. But an erotic seduction climaxed by beautiful lovemaking. Who seduces whom? Depends; for variety they eventually take turns . .,. for openers, he takes her. Chauvinistically? Perhaps . . . but it seems she still prefers it that way. Does't she?*

# COUPLING

# COUPLING
*naturally*

*What follows is more important, anyway: she may well exceed him in versatility. The act is simple: love; carrying it out, not soo. Fortunately. After all those dark ages of lights-out, only-on-Saturday-night, a whole new world has blossomed.*

*Sexual liberation.*
*In: exploration;*
*Out: frustration!*

# COUPLING

*may come naturally.*
*but certainly not routinely.*
*As you can see.*

"Looking for a wild hump?"

# "Say, did you hear the one about..."

The guy who went into the bar and asked the bartender if he's heard the one about . . .

And the bartender says, "Watch it, Buster, I'm Polish," and our man said, "Okay, I'll tell it slowly."

What's brown and furry and lays in the woods? You got it: Smokey the Hooker.

There were only two things left on the planet to hunt and kill. One of these was humans and the other was, of course, the exotic Foo bird. So our hunter went after the Foo bird. He was on guard against the legend which, you'll recall, was that if you kill a Foo bird, other Foo birds will come and shit on you.

Our man bagged his Foo; sure enough, a whole flock of Foos came and did shit all over him. As he went to wash off the vile stuff, a native ran up screaming, "You can't wash in the Sacred River!" Well, stuff and nonsense, thought our man, leaping in.

He died, of course.

The moral being: If the Foo shits, wear it.



Benny was cleaning out his garage when he ran across a lantern. Recalling all of the stories about magic lanterns, Benny rubbed the thing and, sure enough, a genie popped out.

"You have three wishes," said the genie.

"Okay. I want to have all of the money I could ever need. I want to have a score of beautiful women around me. And I want to live forever."

"You've got it," said the genie, adding the only stipulation: "You must never shave your beard. If you shave your beard, you'll turn into an urn."

Well, our main man was happy with that, and fifty years later found him still in rapture. But by now he had a beard that went on for days. And his main squeeze hated it. Finally the ultimatum: shave the beard or kiss off. After fifty years, there had been no word from the genie. So he shaved. And he turned into an urn.

The moral is, of course, that a Benny shaved is a Benny urned . . .



Obviously shopping for the girl-who's-got-everything—except hair-down-there—this thoughtful dude walked into a shop specializing in hair-pieces and asked for a merkin (that's a bush-rug, Jake) for his chick.

"Blonde, brunette or redhead?" asked the salesman without the slightest hesitation.

The dude thought about this a second or two, then replied, "You'd better give me one of each. I date a lot."

"Fine, sir," said the salesman, "shall I gift wrap them?"

"No, I'll eat 'em here."



*Heard any good ones lately? Share 'em with us—and your fellow SWANK devotees. For every joke we use, we'll give the first reader to submit it a one-year subscription to the all-new SWANK. Rush your funnies to SWANK, 18 East 41st Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

**Maya is from the land of aloha, where the first thing they offer a visitor is a lei. But she doesn't find that very amusing. "Mention Honolulu and right away everybody thinks of a group of tourists climbing off a plane and being greeted by some hulu-skirted cutie who offers them a lei. That bores the hell out of me.**

# POLYNESIAN

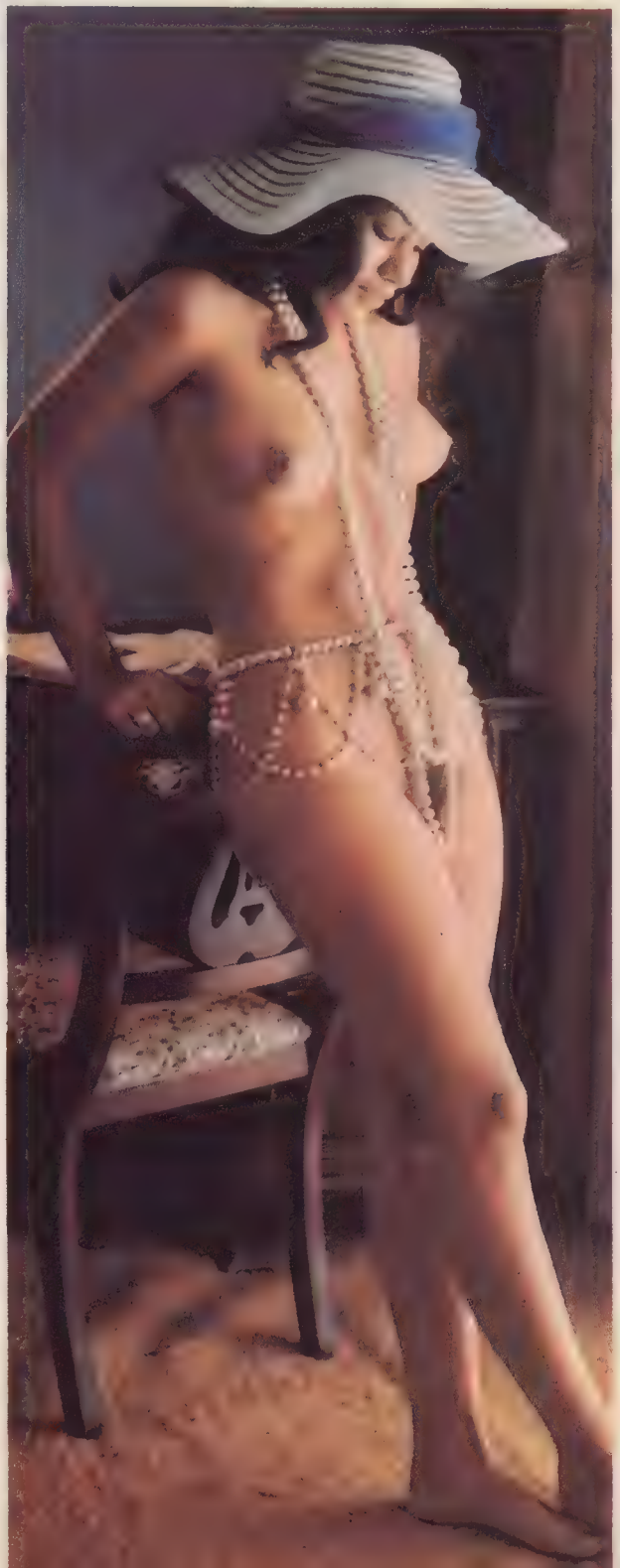
## ...and proud!

photographed by
JOHN DEMETRIUS

MAYA

# MAYA

# MAYA



"We have some of the most beautiful women in the world—and not candidates for prizes on those sickening television give-away shows. They've created a cheap image of the Polynesian woman. I hope to do something about changing that."

A little more than *something,* Maya. Like creating a whole new image. "I don't mean to sound angry, it's just that, well, everybody always thinks of Scandinavia when they think of beautiful women. What's wrong with Polynesia? I don't think we have to take second place—or worse, that cheap reputation TV shows give us. Do you?"

Let's just say we didn't believe that TV image to start with. Did anybody? If they did, they sure don't now.

# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

*(Continued from page 46)*

If you don't become really turned-on by this move, now's no time to continue! Anal intercourse is, of course, a totally different sensation than vaginal intercourse but it can be an extreme turn-on. My favorite position—which happens to be one of the two which allows the sphincter muscles to relax most fully—is on my knees, buttocks raised with my head on a pillow. Adequate lubrication is vitally important. Plain, ordinary petroleum jelly seems the best answer—it cuts down on the friction more so than baby oil, etc.

Now is when his patience and gentleness is most important. Have him penetrate slowly, very slowly, while you expand your sphincters. After insertion is completed, ask him to lie still while you become accustomed to the feeling of having him inside. It's nice if he's gently manipulating your clitoris which should be easily accessible in this position. Initial thrusts should be slow and short. The only point at which there is any pain is at the sphincter muscles. In starting-off gently with short strokes you should be able to eliminate this pain.

There is a group of nerve endings inside a female's rectum which directly connects with the clitoral nerve endings—the overwhelming physical sensations of orgasm during anal intercourse are a titillating result of their stimulation. Perhaps in some way comparible to stimulating a male's prostrate gland at the point of and during his orgasm.

Some important facts about anal intercourse to remember are: After he has penetrated you anally do not allow him to penetrate you vaginally before he has bathed thoroughly—bacteria which are natural to the intestines are not natural to the vagina and vaginitis can result. If you are into three-way scenes and you decide that vaginal and anal penetration at the same time might be fun, be sure that your lovers alternate their thrusts. As delightful as it may sound, having two cocks inside both orifices at the same time can displace your uterus. The length of a man's penis has no bearing on whether or not you will experience pain. A very broad penis can have some bearing but only at initial insertion.

Once again, anal intercourse does not have to be painful!
Tina.

My husband and I have been married for nine years. Our relationship has not, for the most part, been what you would call "a bed of roses." Bad as it was and is at times, we would not and cannot get a divorce. It just isn't done.

I was never a very sexual person. I enjoyed sex with my husband but seldom had an orgasm. For the first four years we had sex regularly and frequently. I was never turned-off to sex but I never felt a strong desire to have it. There was a period of two years when we became especially bitter and arguementative. During this time, we stopped having sex almost altogether. Up until three months ago and after nine years of marriage, we were having sex about once every two weeks. It seemed as though even this was more out of duty than anything else.

My husband came home from the office one night and practically demanded that we go to a couples-party the next weekend. A friend of his introduced him to the idea and swore that it had saved his marriage. What was good for the Joneses was good for us. My husband was sure that it would work miracles to liven-up our relationship.

At that point, out of desperation, I agreed to go. And as I said, I was never a very sexual person. Even though I had long accepted our relationship as it was, I was growing tired of the monotony of it.

Well, it certainly isn't monotonous any longer! I became very popular at the parties and through broadening my sexual experiences, I found-out that I am much more sexual that I ever imagined! For the first time in my life, I actually desire sex! Since my husband was the only man I had ever had sex with to that point, I never had any idea that his lovemaking techniques could be vastly improved and elaborated upon.

My husband has, as a result of my new found sexuality, become very jealous. He rants and raves and causes scenes at home and at parties he watches over me throwing cold disapproving glares from across the room. He no longer wants to go to the parties, for obvious reasons, but I refuse to give-up the one enjoyable part of my life. So, my watchdog follows faithfully each week to make sure I don't have too much fun or get too "involved" with someone.

Isn't that a little ridiculous? How can he get jealous? He certainly doesn't sit in the corner at our parties and it was his idea to go in the first place! I think a marriage is a two-way street. I don't understand his jealousy. So, if you'd explain it to me and tell HIM it's a two-way street maybe you can get the watchdog off my heels.
A.S.
Stamford, Conn.

A relationship certainly is a two-way street but it doesn't sound like yours has been for quite a long time. I don't understand why you think you can't get a divorce. If you are only living together out of the same sense of duty that you express about having sex together, then possibly the most logical answer is divorce.

If for some reason you do want the relationship to work, then both of you are going to have to work at it. I think it's rather obvious why your "watchdog" is jealous. Even though it was his idea and he demanded that you go with him, seeing the sexual change in you has had to strike him over the head with the realization of his own sexual inadequacies. Here he is seeing you enjoy yourself in a way you never did with him. At the same time his popularity is probably low at the parties, if his lovemaking technique is as bad as you say.

The only thing I can suggest in your present situation is for you to help him. At the same time you relax the watchdog on your heels you can increase your sexual enjoyment at home. You say his lovemaking techniques could be vastly improved and elaborated upon. You have just learned a lot of new things at your parties that turn you on. Now, why not share them with him?

Talk to him. Tell him what you like and what really turns you on. Work at it with each other. If you can help him to become a better lover, maybe he can become more popular at the parties. Getting him to be able to enjoy himself more at at parties, so he'll be less jealous, is really only the surface of your problem. You two really need an in-depth realignment of your basic relationship. Maybe you could start it off by opening-up communications and sharing in helping him with your sexual problems.
Jason

It sounds like your relationship and your lives are still pretty monotonous! I cannot understand why a couple such as yourselves will put each other through all the bitterness and hurt that you have; realize that, as you say, your relationship is no "bed of roses" and then say you can not get a divorce.

The problem with marriage is that too many people seem to think that it is a contract—"til death do us part." That particular phrase, as far as I am concerned, should be struck from the marriage ceremony. Why spend your entire lives sticking it out and working it out if perhaps it's never going to work? I firmly believe that after several years of incompatibility, nothing is going to "save" a marriage—including "swinging." Swinging only makes a frustrating relationship seem more tolerable. Many sexually frustrated husbands release their sexual tensions partying once-a-week—which in itself is good. Many affection/love-starved wives find substitute gratification (which doesn't fulfill the real need and thus the woman is still frustrated) in their many sexual encounters.

Since you have to some degree discovered that you do have sexual desires, which is true of everyone, and that your husband's and your lives do leave a lot to be desired sexually, don't you think that possibly your marriage could leave a lot to be desired? Until recently, you had experienced only one lover—one approach to sexuality. Have you experienced only one relationship—one approach to life?

In your husband's mind, you are his possession. Your sexual encounters, once every two weeks, seemed like a duty on your part. Since you are his possession he considered these encounters a duty on your part. Due to your lack of desire and his lack of technique—ability to turn you on—you probably seemed rather dead-in-bed to him. He was not getting what he thought was his personal right. Then, all of a sudden, he finds that his wife is a "ball of fire" and all those other men are getting what he never got. He probably thought that the parties would liven you up a little but I'm sure he never expected you to be the life of the party! Though he doesn't sit in the corner, it's possible due to his lack of "polished" technique (or whatever) that he is not having the ball he thought he would! Thus came the jealous, robbed feeling you sense in him through his behavior.

At a swinging party there's always someone who is going to feel left-out—feel more insecure with themselves as a person—than they did before what they call their "sexual liberation."

Marriage is a two-way street but neither of you can even allow the other the common courtesy and individual right of ground to walk on!
Tina

***With all the "Liberation" movements currently in vogue, an argument for Swinging as the ultimate form of liberation might seem a little hard to swallow. But is it? Reporter Samantha Charles interviewed two couples—and came up with some interesting conclusions.***

"Don't wait up for me Agnes, I'll be working late tonight," a lying, sneaking husband has told his wife since time began. And, since time began, Agnes has put lambchops aside and mourned the fact that if she wants any peace in her home at all, she must keep her mouth shut and swallow the lie.

Men have traditionally been excused from the strict codes of marital fidelity because of the nature of their gender, because of the pressures of earning a living, and because of cute secretaries—and a myriad of other justifications. But let a wife wander the same route, and just you watch the neighbor's tongues wag, just you watch the cuckolded male ego—just you watch!

Women's liberation shmiberation—for all of the equal job opportunities and freeing attitudes, most suburban housewives remain trapped into the mode of the resentful, lamenting the sad state of affairs that binds them to many lonely nights at home in front of the TV. To a lot of them, women's liberation means nothing but having to get their asses out there on the job market.

But through the years, one solution has evolved that seems to be the best yet for lots of couples who have come to their own realizations that, though traditional bonds of fidelity are restrictively unsatisfactory, just having *him* cheat is no longer cricket. There are couples who still dig togetherness enough to share lots of things in common and so, to keep everybody happy—Swinging was born! It just might be the fairest deal of all.

Agnes is no longer compromised into pretending that one man is enough to satisfy her needs for sexual adventure, and hubby can shed his heavy layers of guilt. And, more than merely handling the old what's-good-for-the-goose theme, Swinging has added new dimensions to the saga of living happily ever after.

Take, for example, the case of middle-class, college educated Susan and Artie. Susan led a somewhat sheltered life, remaining a virgin until she met Artie, whom she wed at 21. Artie, at 23, had been discharged from the extremely horny life he was leading in the army and couldn't wait to get Susan into bed.

"I was slightly more experienced than Susan, and I sort of dug having the edge for the first couple of years. We liked fucking a lot at first, It was our biggest number," Artie admits with a grin.

Susan, however, always felt a little cheated. "After all the warnings about sex, and some early self-conscious masturbation, I expected sex to be the wickedest, most exciting thing in the world. After the initial tryouts though, I thought the whole thing was kind of boring and routine."

Artie began to feel this frustration too, and for want of more excitement began some extra-marital experimentation.

"It wasn't like I was looking for love, or anything like that," Artie explaines. "I just wanted some variety, though Susan was my main chick."

Susan began suspecting Artie's meanderings through an assortment

of not too cleverly concealed clues, and she felt more indignant than hurt.

"There he was having a ball, while I was going through the same boring crap every Saturday night. Fucking was beginning to feel like a broken record. I still dug Artie too much to want to do anything like leave him, but I didn't know what else to do."

"She really took it like a sport," Artie smiles proudly, "and I didn't want to split either.. Then a friend of mine told me he knew of a place where married couples could meet other married couples who were looking for a little action. I suggested it to Susan, expecting her not to like the idea."

"I had all kinds of funny feelings at first," Susan recalls, "thinking we had really hit the bottom. I had had a strict religious upbringing, and I expected to burn in hell for my curiousity. Naturally, the first time was a disaster."

"But then she got to really dig it," Herbie adds.

It's been about four years now since Artie and Susan began their experimentation with the Swinging life, and they both rave happily about the results.

How has it helped their marriage?

*Susan:* "We've learned a lot more about pleasing each other. We've learned to be a lot more open about sex, not only in doing it, but also in discussing it."

*Artie:* "I used to be a real clod in bed. You know, slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am—and I never knew Susan wasn't enjoying it. Now she can tell me exactly where she wants to be touched, how much pressure to apply. Our sex life has a greater variety because of all we've learned from our friends."

*Susan:* "And I never thought about pleasing Artie before. I just thought he was happy as long as he came."

What kinds of things have they learned?

*Susan:* "It always disgusted me to go down on Artie. I guess underneath I felt he was getting more pleasure out of it than I was. I resented the whole thing."

*Artie:* "And if I tried to go down on her, she'd never be able to come."

*Susan:* "That's because he had lousy aim."

(Laughter)

*Susan:* "But now both of us can really enjoy giving each other pleasure. We've gotten into vibrators, and we've been able to turn on by watching each other with other partners."

*Artie:* "The whole thing's really been a creative experience, and a growing one. It used to torture my ego to watch Susan getting it on with some dude. The whole male ego thing, you know. But now I get a real kick out of watching her squirm while he licks my baby's crotch—and Christ, *I* can't wait to get into her."

For another couple, Mel and Rita, swinging has been equally important in increasing their marital bliss.

How?

*Mel:* "I used to get turned off because Rita was so goddamned aggressive. She was horny all the time. I felt like I just couldn't satisfy her. As a result, I developed a psychological impotence."

*Rita:* "I knew he was doing it just to piss me off.

(Laughter)

*Rita:* "I was turning into a real bitch. When I couldn't take it any more, I went to a shrink. He told me that lots of couples—about 50 percent—had sex problems. That made me a feel a little better, but it didn't cure the problem."

*Mel:* "It started almost as a joke when we got into it. We were with some friends at a party and everyone got stoned. We'd always kidded around about it with our friends, but never took it seriously. Then it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. I mean we were all close friends and really loved each other, so balling together seemed like a natural extension of our friendship. It was really beautiful."

*Rita:* "At first, Mel held back because he was afraid he couldn't get a hard-on with the whole gang around."

*Mel:* "But the strangest thing was, because they were all such good friends, I felt like it wouldn't matter I could always say that it was the newness of the scene, if I couldn't make it."

*Rita:* "But then we couldn't keep the old boy down."

(affectionately squeezing Mel's crotch)

(Laughter)

*Mel:* "Cut it out, will you, you horny old dyke."

What?

*Rita:* "Mel is referring to my predisposition to female partners."

Oh?

*Rita:* "Well, when I discovered

## Coming Events

*Where can you get in on the Social Scene? Here's where Select has Socials scheduled for the next few months:*

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| **March 23rd:** | **Washington** |
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that I could really get into chicks, it bothered me a little."

*Mel:* "Not to mention *me*."

*Rita:* "Jesus, I went ape when I first saw all those wonderful naked bodies. I figured nobody'd mind, as long as we were all so stoned, if I grabbed Joanie's big, wonderful tits."

Did anybody mind?

*Mel:* "*I* minded. I *really* minded."

*Rita:* "You minded all right, until Joanie practically swallowed your meat in one gulp!"

*Mel:* (grinning wistfully) "Oh yeah, I forgot about that."

*Rita:* "From that point on, it was no holds barred. Our very first daisy chain was formed. It was one of the best experiences of my life."

*Mel:* "But seriously—"

*Rita:* "I *am* being serious!"

*Mel:* "Quiet, dyke!"

(giggling)

*Mel:* "I think the main thing we learned was that lots of couples have lots of different likes and dislikes and special abilities."

*Rita:* "He's right. For years I walked around feeling guilty because I was agressive, or thinking there were 'wrongs and rights' where sex was concerned. I just like being turned on by bodies—male, female—it doesn't matter."

*Mel:* "And I found out that I didn't have to freeze myself into a mold. Sometimes I'm a long distance runner—"

*Rita:* "*Mmmmmm*"

*Mel:* "And other times I can't get it up.

*Rita:* "Booo"

*Mel:* "But we've relaxed a whole lot, and now that the pressure's off, everything's working out fine."

Most couples interviewed for this piece had the same opinion: Swinging definitely enhanced their pleasure with each other in all ways. What's more, it's made for a lot less divorces on grounds of infidelity, and a lot more understanding and ability to communicate. No longer need a "wronged" wife sit at home and grow bitter. It's a game that both can share.

Sex therapy clinics, look out. The thriving do-it-yourself-technique has served as a natural and far less costly remedy for critical marital crises. Swinging just might be the ultimate solution.

•

# SWINGING interview

*"Steve English" is 39. "Nikki" is 27. Both are attractive, interesting, inquisitive people. They relish their life together in all aspects; physically, spiritually, materially, they seem to share with equal zest and appreciation. Their apartment, a modern and luxurious high-rise, is a reflection of them: warm, trippy, slightly exotic. A surprisingly congenial combination of modern design and funk.*

*Nikki has served snacks and goodies of all kinds. Now we settle back and begin. You might score the soundtrack with the subtly erotic music from* Behind the Green Door, *the album which plays on their stereo . . .*

*SWANK:* What, types of Swingers would you consider yourselves?

*STEVE:* Well, we like to Swing with people whose heads are together and not into Swinging to try to keep their relationship alive. Or not into it because the wife cheated on the husband and now he's getting even.

*NIKKI:* We run into a lot of people who are in Swinging to spite one another rather than to just enjoy sex. Enjoying sex to me is *not* walking around saying, "Hey, baby, I'm gonna fuck! Ooh, look at him! Hey, I wanna get in his pants! I have to do everybody at the party!" That's totally a hunger thing. There are people who have to make it with everyone at the party or they haven't had a good time. The actual thing of having sex doesn't mean anything to them. Just the idea of making it with everyone.

That to me is very vulgar. They wouldn't remember that they had sex with that person if they ever happened to see each other again.

That's a crude person. Because in *my* everyday life—I may goof on someone, or I may use the word "fuck," but I don't ever get vulgar or crude unless people ask for it. Like, if people nudge if out of me, like saying, "What do you mean? What do you mean *exactly*?"

Then, there have been occasions where I've said, "I enjoy sucking cock." But, in saying it that way, I don't feel like a loudmouth, screaming it. I just say, "Well, if you want it in plain English, I'll tell you."

*STEVE:* At a party though, it can be nice. Like, you may have a fella with a girl and he'll say to another guy—or girl—"Look at this delicious pussy. Look at the pinkness of it. Wouldn't you like to suck it?" (laughter) Really, you get verbal: "Oooh, look! Lick the juice off it!"

*NIKKI:* It's like egging them on. I do that a lot. Like, if there's a girl at the party that Steve likes and other people got there first. Occasionally, I'll nudge over—you know, everybody likes to see a girl scene. So I'll get over like we're gonna fool around . . . then I'll shove Steve's head in there! (laughter) That's what you call working together. Doing the things you enjoy without hurting anyone.

***Steve: We'll get high on grass. And Nikki will get dressed up as a girl who lives on a planet made up of women who have never seen men before.***

*SWANK:* But the conclusion we've come to is that there are various conditional attitudes among Swingers about their Swinging: hell, hunger, animality, anger, rapture, tranquility, absorbtion, learning . . .

*NIKKI:* Absolutely.

*SWANK:* Just like in every other area of life.

*NIKKI:* Right. See, in order to have a full Swinging life, you have to really, and I mean *really* love your husband. And *really* have no jealousy, no resentments. Nothing that brought you to the Swinging; it came about naturally, it to you, and you to it.

*SWANK:* A lot of people claim it saves marriages. You don't believe that?

*NIKKI:* Can I say something? If a marriage is bad, no matter what you do, that marriage is bad. And if it *is* bad, and the thing that's supposed to happen to make it end hasn't happened yet, Swinging *will* end it.

Swinging doesn't begin the marriage and it doesn't keep the marriage. But it *can* end it. Because I'd say that sex is 80% of a marital relationship.

*SWANK:* Would you stick to that percentage if we asked you a couple of questions?

*NIKKI:* I don't know, it depends on the questions.

*SWANK:* How much of a part of marriage is spirituality?

*NIKKI:* Spirituality. Now that's something else.

*STEVE:* It's a good question.

*NIKKI:* Well, see, I wouldn't rate marriage at only 100 per cent. Because I would say that spirituality *is* 100 per cent of a marriage.

*SWANK:* What would you rate mutual interests—outside of the sexual?

*NIKKI:* Has to be all the way down the line.

*SWANK: All* the way? Do you mean, if he's interested in cars, you *are* interested in cars or you *will* get interested in cars?

*NIKKI:* You get interested in cars.

*SWANK:* (to Steve) What *are* you interested in?

*NIKKI:* The same things I'm interested in! (laughter)

*STEVE:* Just in enjoying life to the fullest. Spending every second of time where we're not making money to live well, in living well.

*SWANK:* Let's ask you some general questions. What magazines do you read —besides *Swank*?

*STEVE: Penthouse, Psychology Today, Stereo Review.*

*NIKKI:* The Animal's Protection Institute. I read their magazine.

*SWANK:* What's the latest movie you've seen?

*STEVE:* I don't think that the latest movie we've seen has any bearing on our taste. But the latest movie was *Frankenstein Verses Dracula,* or something like that.

*NIKKI:* It was a disgrace to vampirism. A total disgrace. I'm into science fiction and I'll tell you, it was the worse piece of shit I ever saw.

*SWANK:* What kind of movie would you like to see?

*NIKKI:* I'd like to see a vampire sex movie. A hot and heavy vampire sex movie. Done with taste. We even goof on that idea.

*SWANK:* What do you mean?

*NIKKI:* (Exits, then returns to her seat beside Steve.) She flashes a smile, revealing a strikingly realistic pair of vampire choppers) This.

*SWANK:* Vampirella!

*NIKKI:* That's what I'd like to see. An extremely well done . . .

*STEVE:* Hard core . . .

*NIKKI:* High class vampire sex movie.

*SWANK:* Do you ever act out fantasies as vampires?

*NIKKI:* No.

*SWANK:* Why? You don't have a cape?

*STEVE:* We'll get to it eventually. You have to buy a lot of props and build up your wardrobe.

*NIKKI:* I saw a cape I wanted, but it was in a *very* heavy witchcraft store, and I didn't want to bring any of *that* into my house.

*SWANK:* What *are* some of the fantasies you act out?

*STEVE:* We'll get high on grass. And Nikki will get dressed up as a girl who lives on a planet entirely made up of women who have never seen men before. She'll dress in thigh-high boots, a garter belt maybe, an extremely long wig and pearls. And then she'll add some touches and make-up that make her look outer spacish. And then she'll come into the living room and say she's from another planet and never saw a man before. And she'll go through how she never saw a cock before, and "what does it do," and "what does it like?" . . . and I'll explain it.

*NIKKI:* But you have to *really* get into the story. I can no longer be Nikki and he can no longer be Steve. And when I see the bulge in his pants, I have to ask him what it is, but I have to *really* mean it. You have to take on the personality of your characters, like actors. If you can really get into it and mean it, it makes it much better.

*STEVE:* I'll show you some pictures we've taken.

*SWANK:* Doesn't picture taking break the mood?

*STEVE:* It's a hassle, but it's worth it in the long run. Or you play it into the fantasy: "Ooh, I'd love to have a picture of you because I know you're going to disappear in the morning and be gone. I just want to have some pictures because I want to remember you. And I'm afraid I'm dreaming." And you just add it into the script.

It's going to get to the point, you know, that the fantasies between us will be far better than any Swinging we've been getting into. We've done the Swinging for a couple of years now, and this will be far better. So everything, I guess, goes full circle.

*NIKKI:* See, it's because, when you go to a Swinging party, you've got to go with what's going on for the most part. You can't really work your own fantasy. *Sometimes* you can, of course. It all depends on the certain group of people you're with. One couple could be there who are uptight, not even with the group, but with each other. And that couple can put a damper on the whole party.

*Steve:* (To Nikki) You want to tell them about the party we were at? The fantasy party with the four couples? (To *Swank*): We don't know if you're just into asking questions or . . .?

*SWANK:* Go ahead.

*NIKKI:* We give about four Swinging parties a year. Only four because it's a big job. I like to have everything for everybody. So that they could have no other wish or desire in the world. So that they can walk out of my house very pleased. That's my happiness. And that's very difficult, 'cause you're not just getting everybody in to socialize; you're getting them in to Swing. So you have to hope that everyone likes everyone else.

So this party. We invited four other couples. We were thinking maybe we'd have a costume party. But then we thought about how everybody would have to go through the hassle of getting the outfits together. So, instead, we went down to a special store and bought some gifts. Like a cock passifier. Some Joy Jell. Key chains with a guy jerking off. Little gifts that cost a dollar or two. Like a little lipstick tube that you turn up and a cock comes out. French ticklers.

Steve wrapped them. We put a little boy or a little girl figure on each one. And then we took a pack of those orgy cards and, on each present, we took one of the cards, turned it over so that you couldn't see the action it depicted, and attached it to the gift. Like, on one card was maybe two girls and one guy

***Nikki: I'd like to see a vampire sex movie. A really well done, hard-core, vampire sex movie.***

doing a particular thing.

Then, when everybody came over, we had a few drinks, and a buffet and stuff, and we all talked for awhile. Then Steve said, "We have some presents. And, whoever would like to get a present, there's a card attached to each one. If you do what the card says, you get to keep the present."

I really thought that people would be reluctant. *Everybody* got up at once and went for the presents.

*SWANK:* To play charades. Body charades.

*NIKKI:* Actually! Everyone got their presents, and they were quite willing to go right at it. Everybody got undressed and the party started.

Then we decided to play another little game. Steve said, "I'll bet you can't recognize your own wife's pussy. And I'll bet the women can't pick out their own husbands' cocks. Blindfolded. Without touching.

*SWANK:* Without touching?

*STEVE:* Without touching with the *hands*.

*NIKKI:* The men went first. They would take one guy into the bedroom, blindfold him, then lead him out, and lead his head down to between the first woman's legs. He couldn't touch her, just with his mouth. Just with a few licks and a little sniff around. Then he would go onto the other women, one at a time. Steve was the only man who picked out his wife in the group.

Then the women went, going around tasting the guys. And the men didn't really have hard-ons. Because, when you're into a thing like that, it's a different thing.

I went first. Then I stood up and said, "That's blank, blank, blank," and got every one right. One girl got everyone wrong. But, except for her, all of the others got all of the men right. Anyway, it was a very successful party.

*SWANK:* What are your thoughts on children? Many people not into—or not yet into—Swinging have one immediate thought: What about the children?

*NIKKI:* See, I'm happy without children. And I enjoy my life, and I know children would put a damper on it. If I have kids, well, that's a little extra attention I have to take away from Steve, and I'm not free to do as I please around the house, because a baby is a baby, and you can't lock it out. It's a human being.

*STEVE:* We've got friends who have children. Friends who are into Swinging. And I have a young daughter (from a previous marriage) who spends time with us occasionally. And when we run into other Swingers with their kids, nothing is ever said about it in front of them. Ever.

And in homes that we've been to that have children in them, usually the Swing starts a little late, and down in the basement when the kids are upstairs sleeping. The basement (or sometimes we'll be in a bedroom) door is locked, and it's when they know the kids are sleeping.

*NIKKI:* And they know their children are good sleepers. And they check on them, just like they would if we were having a regular party. Still, for the most part, anytime people have a Swing, usually—for the most part—their kids are not at home. They send them to grandma's to spend the weekend, or whatever.

*SWANK:* Why would you not let your children even know about it?

*NIKKI:* Because you are showing *a way*. One way, right? And it may not fully be understood. She has a right to seek out any ways she pleases, and then to make her own choice. To tell her would sort of be showing her *our* way of life, and she would have no contrast.

*STEVE:* There are couples who Swing with their children.

*SWANK:* What do you mean, *with* them?

*NIKKI:* Yeah, with them. A fourteen-year-old boy.

*SWANK:* Whew. How does the kid react to it?

*NIKKI:* He grooves his ass off. Well, wouldn't you if you were a fourteen-year-old boy and you could get some without crawling for it? Your mother sets it up for you, right?

*In next month's* Swank, *Nikki and Steve dig deeper into their fantasy trips—including the one in which they created this voluptuous chick . . . who now "lives" with them! Don't miss the conclusion to this extraordinary interview with a couple really into Swinging —and beyond!*

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what is swinging?

Bob, Carol, Ted and Alice brought to light a new social phenomena. A phenomena that now embraces all areas of society in every corner of the country. It includes all walks of life from doctors, lawyers, executives to sales people and hard hats.

Within all this diversity lies one common denominator, a desire for interaction between people. Swingers will not succumb to the endless miasmic effect of TV for escape from reality. On the contrary, they want to keep their emotions alive and working. Thus, they seek people who share this mutual need for a fulfilling life of fun and adventure.

Swinging is not an organized movement; rather it is a spontaneous desire to regain personal contact with other mature people. Some people pursue their interest through broadminded friends. Others establish relationships at swinging parties or clubs. The majority of fun loving people have found the swingers' magazines the best source of information on the swinging movement.

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# PERSONAL ADS

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CA-0060-C Bay area males. Sensual, modern marrieds, executive level, 30's. Want to meet extraordinarily well built males who enjoy French. Husband enjoys a sensual scene or will participate if desired. Single or married; utmost discretion assured. Photos required & returned. Phone appreciated.

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CA-0063-C Young, attractive, versatile couple want to meet same & versatile singles. We dig threesomes, foursomes & more. Enjoy all forms of erotica, films & polaroids. Not prejudiced. Photos & phone a must. Bay area.

CA-0064-F Love to tease. Former Miss Mississippi contestant. Very beautiful, fantastic figure, loves to turn men on who love to do it themselves. Your dreams are my pleasures. Have my photos, letters, tapes & lingerie waiting for you . . & your letter. Replies answered personally within 24 hours. Let me please you!! Couples invited.

CT-0065-C Looking for you! Tender, warm, loving, eager to please. Wanting to share with us, sincere extended friendships, not one nighter meetings. No way outs. Photo for answer. Write to us. We're looking for you!!

DC-0066-C We're betting you need another nice, interesting & sexy couple to keep you satisfied. We think we may be the ones! Md. - Va. - D.C.

FL-0067-F Attractive, shapely single chick, 22, would like to meet couples & men between 21-30.

FL-0068-F Warm, fun-loving gal, Miami, mid 30's. Loves adult pleasures. 5', 140, 38-32-40. Interested in sincere males to 45.

FL-0069-C Happily married. Interested in meeting other couples that enjoy variety & fun. Near Disney - vacationers welcome.

GA-0070-C Attractive Atlanta couple, 21 & 27, would like to meet equally attractive couples for close fun & games & lasting friendship.

IL-0071-C Party time! Couple of down-to-earth couples who enjoy & frequently host house parties. Also enjoy meeting one or more fun-loving couples for drinks & dancing. New couples write for we are not pushie. We swing for fun & friendship. For answer, photo of both & phone.

IL-0072-C Chicago area. Interesting couple enjoys adult pleasures. Wish to hear from couples & also love threesomes. Pic & phone, please.

IL-0073-C Everything goes! Chicago couple seeks males, couples & gals. We are clean, college grads, discreet. We do everything, know all cultures; French, Greek, Roman, Oriental. Erotic photo & phone required.

LA-0074-C Attractive New Orleans swinging couple in 20's would like to meet other couples & gals for close get-togethers & parties. No B & D.

LA-0075-C Attractive new swingers in New Orleans can entertain or travel for fun & games. Discreet. Vacationers welcome. Couples only.

LA-0076-C Attractive couple wants to meet all young couples & singles from N.C. to Houston. Can travel or entertain. All replies answered if photo included. Statewide!

MD-0077-C Couple, 25 & 27. Sexy wife loves to please sensual males, threesomes & moresomes. We enjoy that stimulating difference. Couples with similar interests join the fun. Photo, phone for quick reply.

MD-0078-C Happily marrieds. Are soft lights, mood music, relaxed atmosphere & lovable times your thing? We're 31, sensual, sophisticated. Seeking other attractive swinging couples. Can travel but prefer to entertain. Photos of both assures 100% reply.

MD-0079-F Fun-loving gal, attractive, Cauc., college grad, 40, needs male companion for adventure & beautiful experiences. Silver Spring.

NJ-0080-C Venturesome, attractive, warm couple. He 35, she 29. Interested in all cultures with attractive couples, females & exceptionally attractive males. Can travel. Phone & recent photo a must. So. Jersey & Phila.

NJ-0081-F Attractive miss, single, 26, 6', 140. Soft, sensual. Wishes to meet single men to 35. Sincere & discreet. All replies answered if you enclose photo.

NJ-0082-F Versatile female would like to hear from single, versatile guys & couples only. Photo a must. Very sincere.

NJ-0083-C Intelligent, physically active couple seeks attractive couples to 40 interested in friendship, unpretentious swinging good times. She redheaded, mid 30's. He 6', 185, 42; both good-looking. We are open, enjoy French, groups.

NJ-0085-C Photo fans. Very attractive & well built couple in late 20's desire exchange of polaroids & correspondence with other couples & females anywhere. You set the pace, we will follow. Discretion a must & assured.

NJ-0086-M First time. Would like to meet uninhibited woman, 35-40. Love Fr. cul.

NY-0087-F N.Y.C. gal, warm, 5' 5", 115, 37-25-36 of willing flesh would like to hear from all versatile girls, young couples & fine gents for adult pleasures. Love all the cultures. Willing to try anything new or exciting.

NY-0088-C Young, modern, very attractive couple, mid 20's, educated, trim. He 6'; she 5'5". Seeks similar couples for swinging fun & also meaningful relationships if we are really compatible. NYC.

NY-0089-C Selective, professional couple, 20's, seek similar couples, versatile singles. Interested in forming or joining a group. Photo & phone a must.

NY-0090-F Attractive female wishes to swing with aggressive guys who like their women in super short skirts. I am 25, 35-26-36. Answer all who send very detailed letter.

OH-0091-C Sensuous couple in 30's wish to meet other like couples, females & well built males for threesomes & more. Both love French & like to try it all, except B & D, Greek. Can travel or entertain. Prefer one room swinging.

OH-0092-F Bound beauty loves erotic restraint, French & pleasure spanking. Will meet, pose for or offer her tightly bound & gagged photos to enthusiasts only.

PA-0093-C Traveling couple, 27 & 31. Semi-professional, financially secure. Desire to meet similar couples & singles for trips, correspondence or swinging at home. No way outs or B & D. Not prejudiced.

PA-0094-C Respond if you are an attractive couple or male who likes photography, watching, being watched or ? A similar couple, 27 & 29, & very attractive will be waiting to turn you on. Phone & photo, please. Phila. suburbs. All answered.

PA-0095-F Dominant looking for single men, any race, to be my slave. Send photo & SASE. I have my own apt. in Phila. where you can serve me.

PA-0096-M I am 28, Cauc., 5'8", 170, well built. Have need to please other women with strange desires. Willing to learn anything. Couples or gals. Phila. - Trenton.

PA-0097-C Phila. sepia gal digs well built, single males, single females, threesomes, any race. All cultures, mild B & D. Boyfriend participates. Photo, SASE a must.

TN-0098-C Modern housewife, 29, would like to meet attractive, young, well built males for hours of pleasure. Husband approves & participates. Photo & phone assures reply. Knoxville area.

TX-0099-C We are a discreet, friendly, married couple that loves to swing. We seek other turned on couples who think they might like to meet with us for swinging get-togethers. Can entertain or travel. Beginners welcome. We do not push. He 30, 5'11", 165. She 23, 5'4", 110. Phone & photos, please. Will reply with same.

TX-0101-C Restraint, leather, boots. Dominant &/or submissive males, females or couples. Desire the exotic in clothes & friends. He 6'1", 180; she 5'4", 36-24-36. Post-graduate degrees. Anything you can teach - we are willing to learn. Can travel, can entertain. Late 20's. Photos & phone with reply. Under 35 only.

TX-0102-C Attention: Photo bugs. Photo & correspondence is our bag. If you dig our scene, let's do our thing. We are married, Cauc. couple, sincere & discreet. Couple, female only. 21-40.

TX-0103-F Dallas - Ft. Worth. Lovely housewife available to entertain or model for executive type gentlemen. Are you unable to find a girl for your wife? Surprise her with me!

VA-0104-C Tidewater & Va. Attractive, educated, discreet couple 29 & 26, interested in swinging with other couples. Cauc. only. He 6', 170; she 5'9", 135. Can host or travel. Photos, please.

WA-0105-C Spokane. Sincere, educated couple, 27, seek other discreet couples & singles for friendship & fun. Will host or travel Wash., Mont., Idaho, Utah, N. Calif. Photo, phone assure prompt reply.

CN-0106-C Can travel between Montreal, Toronto, N.Y.C. or Halifax to meet you. He 31, 6'1", 165; she 29, 5'6", 135. Like Fr. cul. & long, sensuous, lingering encounters with couples & single women. He likes women, any build, but she prefers slim men. She also interested in young, Oriental, single men for herself. Photo a must.

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# CRYONICS

*(Continued on page 47)*

Is this for real?

Is someone really serious about reviving the dead after they have been suspended in cold storage at *-320F* until a cure has been discovered for the illness that killed them? Or is this just another gimmick emanating from the lunatic fringe of Southern California, an area noted for such things?

Robert Nelson, President of the Cryonics Society, once had a wife and three children, a home in the San Fernando Valley and part ownership of an appliance business when he first heard about cryonics in 1965. Now he lives in a shack in Topanga Canyon and has a dog to keep him company.

When we found Nelson by the simple expedient of looking up the Cryonics Society of California in the telephone directory, we asked him about the persisting rumors that Walt Disney decreed that he should be suspended by the Cryonics Institute following his death from lung cancer.

"Disney wanted to be frozen," he said, just as casually as ordering a plate of ham and eggs. "Lots of people to this day believe that he was, and that the body is in cold storage in the basement of his Toluca Lake home.

"The real truth is, Disney missed out. He never specified it in writing and when he died the family didn't go for it. They had him cremated and his ashes are in Forest Lawn."

It was several weeks later that the first customer, and you will pardon the expression, arrived in the person of a 74-year-old psychologist from Glendale, California, Dr. James Bedford.

"That was one of the most incredible experiences of my life," said Nelson. "The freezing went all night, considering that we'd never done it before. But there were a great many hassles with his family and *Life* magazine, who had purchased the exclusive photographic rights. I never thought we'd get the job done," he said as though he were talking about mowing the lawn instead of attempting to discuss medical history.

"But we did and now Bedford is in a capsule for when they find a cure for old age. In fact, I wrote a book about it called 'We Froze The First Man.' " ("B" film producers, where were you? Ah, but read on.)

"As my PR man likes to say, 'If you can scrape it off the sidewalk, you can freeze it.' He wanted to use it as a motto for the Society," said Nelson, not even cracking a smile which such a droll sense of humor should have elicited. "We thought it was a little too macabre!"

It was an obscure physics professor at a small college outside Detroit, Michigan—Robert C.W. Ettinger, the father of the Cryonics movement, who originated the idea.

In a book he published himself in 1964, "The Prospect of Immortality," Ettinger argued that "death, like old age, can now be regarded as a disease; a very serious disease, to be sure; indeed, generally fatal, but not necessarily incurable."

The book, while it didn't revolutionize the funeral industry or place it in jeopardy, did arouse some curiosity and gradually attracted a considerable following.

Ettinger's thesis was simple and, you could say, seductive. As any doctor knows, the human body does not die all at once but in stages. A person is clinically and legally dead the moment his heartbeat and respiration cease, but his individual cells and tissues die more slowly, anywhere from five minutes to forty-eight hours later (which allows organ transplants involving newly deceased donors).

If a body were frozen immediately after clinical death by special techniques that minimize freezing damage, and stored at liquid nitrogen temperatures *(-320 F)* there would be virtually no further deterioration for an essentially indefinite period. When science discovers a cure for the fatal disease (including the "disease," one must assume, of old age) the body could be thawed out, treated and, possibly, reanimated.

"A newly deceased human body," wrote Ettinger, ". . . is usually only 'slightly dead' in that the malfunction is limited and most of the cells still viable."

"In most cases, presumably, a more advanced medical science would regard this 'cadaver' as a patient, and cure him. Since we cannot bring that potential 'art' to the patient, we must bring the patient to the future."

Many people greeted Ettinger's thesis with derision and contempt in the pages of practically every technical journal that reviewed it. *Science* magazine's comments were typical:

*"One may take this kind of thing seriously or one may not. If one does, the book can only be considered the work of an utterly confused optimist. There is absolutely no evidence that low temperature storage and recovery proceedures will be possible in the near future with live human beings, let alone dead ones.*

*Perhaps the author is pulling our legs. Maybe it's science fiction after all, the subject for a 'B' movie on the late show."*

Those last remarks in *Science* turned out to be very prophetic, albeit nine years late.

In February of this year, an ABC-TV suspense movie was shown to mixed reviews and incredulity.

Donna Mills in "Come To Mother", played the role of "Caroline", a rheumatic fever victim at the age of twenty-six who is thawed out twenty-eight years later on the instructions of her film husband, Walter Pidgeon. For story purposes, doctors had developed a cure for rheumatic fever while she was in cryonic suspension. This was the first film of its genre and now the ice has been broken, again you will pardon the expression, and you can expect a slew of them on television and on the big screen in the next few years. We know of two in the planning stage.

This would seem to point up the fact that cryonic suspension is now being taken more seriously, not medically, but by people who have a greed, a need to feel they can be brought back to life some years in the future.

When Aristotle Onassis is called to that great oil tanker in the sky, he wants to be certain, one must assume, that he will eventually be the originator of an airborne oil tanker which is many decades away and his actuarial table only gives him approximately fifteen more years of his rather extravagant life span.

In order to ensure this, he has, reportedly, reserved and endowed "for perpetual care" two cryonic crypts at the Wiltshire Institute in Britain for himself and his wife, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Nevertheless, nine years after it was first put forward by Ettinger, and Onassis notwithstanding, the scientific view is still generally the same.

A number of California morticians (who have an axe to grind), physicians (who have a scalpel to sharpen), biologists and pathologists (who have test tubes to examine), have seemingly good reasons why Ettinger is all wet,

*(Continued on page 89)*

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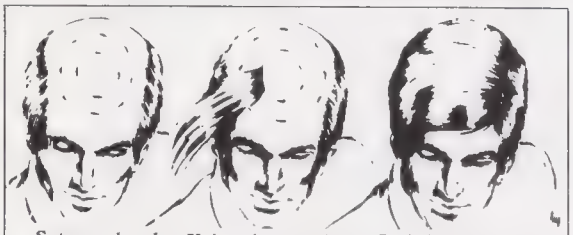
— PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE



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**Nag 2.**
For your uterus, the Pap test once a year.
**Nag 3.**
For your lungs, don't smoke cigarettes.
**Nag 4.**
For your skin, avoid over-exposure to the sun.
**Nag 5.**
For your colon, rectum, a procto examination every year (especially after 40).
**Nag 6.**
For your mouth, regular examinations.
**Nag 7.**
For your whole precious body, a health checkup every year.

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# Yes, Virginia, there really was a DRACULA...

By Ralph Novak

Count Dracula has been, you'll pardon the expression, resurrected.

This time, though, the motivating force behind his return is not the impulsiveness of some mad scientist or the clumsiness of a grave digger who dislodges the stake from Dracula's heart or accidentally spills some blood into the resilient old vampire's coffin. It is rather a conglomerate of sociological, historical, psychosexual reasons mixed with that most compelling, deepest and darkest of all human impulses: the profit motive.

Long of tooth in more ways than one, the bloodthirsty nobleman, all black and red and dripping with evil, has reappeared as the center of attention in the last year in a half-dozen nonfiction books, nearly as many newly produced movies and at least one fan magazine. He has even become the *raison d'être* for a number of tourist jaunts to his old flapping grounds in Romania.

Not since the 1930's has there been such a widespread horrified fascination in the ultimate vampire. Even then there was nothing like the international computerized, mimeographed following that has recently arisen. Says Dr. Donald A. Reed, president of the Los Angeles-based *Count Dracula Society*, most ambitious of the American fan club-congregations that stretch from coast to coast:

"Dracula stands as the symbol and essence of all philosophies of the East and West; he presents the message of resurrection, transmigration, rebirth, renewal and immortality." Sort of, Reed does not add, like a supernatural Hugh Hefner.

The Dracula that most of us know and love-hate is the creation of Bram Stoker, a 19th century Irish novelist and playwright. Stoker led an otherwise mediocre artistic career,

**"Dracula stands as the symbol and essence of all philosophies of the East and West; he presents the message of resurrection, transmigration, rebirth, renewal and immortality."**
**Dr. Donald A. Reed**
**President, *Count Dracula Society***

but his novel "Dracula," published in 1897, gave him a kind of immortality as strong as that of the character he created.

Stoker himself barely survived the first eight years of his life, which he spent confined to his bed, showing what came to be known as the classic symptoms of a vampire victim: weakness and pallor. But at 50, after an indistinguished career as a civil servant and writer, he produced his horror masterpiece. Compounded of folk tales, an interest in the occult, the influence of stories about Jack the Ripper, research into the history of Eastern Europe and, Stoker said, a nightmare, the book quickly became an international success.

Stocker's Dracula was an immortal monster who survived his own perpetual energy crisis by siphoning the blood out of living humans. He was helpless by day but chomped away lustfully on juicy necks at night. Literally rising out of the soil of his native Transylvania, he prowled about in search of the fresh blood he usually found coursing through the veins of the young and beautiful maidens of the countryside.

Part of the recent resurgence of interest in Dracula has been an attempt to uncover the historical basis behind Stoker's fantasizing. Leading that search into areas no mere novelist dared—or wanted—to tread have been two Boston College historians, Radu Florescu and Raymond T.

McNally. In *In Search of Dracula* and *Dracula,* both published within the last 18 months, they have told us at least everything we always wanted to know about the real-life Dracula.

The basic answers they have uncovered are that, yes, Virginia, there was a Dracula, and yes again, Virginia, there was (and is) a Transylvania, though Dracula ruled not there but in nearby Wallachia. The original Dracula was a Romanian prince who lived from 1431 to 1476. Historically he has come to live a dual life. Revered in his own country as a Romanian patriot who protected his people from Turks, Hungarians, Germans, Italians and other miscellaneous invaders, he was notorious elsewhere as a murderous barbarian who liked nothing better than torturing his foes and sometimes even his friends.

Although legends about vampires exist in Romania, as they do almost every place in the world, Florescu and McNally found that nobody ever seems to have accused the real Dracula of being a vampire. Which is still not to say that he was exactly a candidate for his day's equivalent of the *Nobel Peace Prize.*

His real name was Vlad Tepes and "Dracula" was a nickname that appears to have meant "The Devil". In addition, "Tepes" meant "The Impaler", a sobriquet awarded to the prince in honor of his favorite manner of punishing those he disliked, which was spiking them on oiled poles strategically inserted through the rectum to prevent instant death. (He was also fond of chopping, slicing, boiling and nailing to death everyone from prisoners of war to visiting monks who were imprudent enough to question his methods of meting out justice.) Among the historians who chronicled his reign, his countrymen tended to accentuate his role in defending his country but foreigners, especially the Germans, blamed him for the deaths of as many as 100,000 more or less innocent people.

Whichever version was the more accurate, it was the bloodier Dracula

**The Germans blamed him for the deaths of as many as 100,000 more or less innocent victims...**

**His real name was Vlad Tepes and "Dracula" was a nickname that appears to have meant "the devil". In addition, "Tepes" meant "the Impaler", a sobriquet awarded to the prince in honor of his favorite manner of punishing those he disliked by spiking them on oiled poles inserted through the rectum to prevent instant death...**

that Stocker chose as part of the model for his novel's protagonist. And it is *that* Dracula which lurks in the minds of those of us who are still not quite convinced that Santa Clauses, Easter Bunnies and demons do not exist.

Stoker's book has now sold in excess of a million copies in more than a dozen languages (including Japanese, but not yet including Romanian). But Dracula really gained immortality with the 1931 Universal Pictures production of Stoker's novel, directed by Tod Browning and starring that unlikeliest of matinee idols, Bela Lugosi.

The film was originally billed as *The Strangest Love Story of Them all,* making Lugosi a netherworld leading man. When he slowly uttered his opening line, "*I* am Dracula," in that deliciously poisonous accent, he claimed his character for all time, coining a portrayal still being imitated and mimicked more than forty years later.

Not that others didn't try to replace him, of course. There had in fact been a previous German film version of Stoker's story, *Nosferatu,* produced in 1922 and starring Max Shreck. But how many impersonations of Max Shreck do you see these days? And the same goes for the flow of post-Lugosi Draculas, which has included Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine, Christopher Lee, Jack Palance, and the unforgettable Alif Kaptan, who played Dracula in the 1953 Turkish production, *Drakula Istanbula.* (Lugosi himself had played the Count in a long-running stage version of *Dracula* before his first film appearance in the role and thus by his own count died many times—more than 1,000—before his real death in 1958.)

Still, life goes on and so, it seems, does non-life. The Dracula cult continues to multiply, or divide, or whatever it is a vampire's cult ought to do.

A recent comic book fan magazine critical review, "Dracula Lives," published its fourth issue of "more photos, fact, and fantasy starring the lord of the undead," with a January 1974 date. And it contained two pages of letters from readers, one of whom complimented a previous article on the historical Dracula except that the real Dracula, "whom you presented so beautifully otherwise, *did not wear a beard!* Also, the last panel left a bad taste in my mouth. I had always liked to think of the Count as evil personified, killing for pleasure rather than for revenge."

Meanwhile, Romanian tourist officials have pounced on the revived interest in their national hero-villain by promoting the life out of the Count's appeal to tourists. One 18-day, $935 "Spotlight on Dracula" trip to Romania even included, of all things, a wine-tasting party, recalling Lugosi's famous reading of the line, "I never drink . . . wine." (This influx of foreign currency may be an unexpected fulfillment of the Romanian peasant belief, originated in pre-balance of payment days, that Dracula would return to save his country again as he had in the 15th century.)

The American Dracula fan clubs are also thriving, most notably the 11-year-old *Count Dracula Society,* of which the previously mentioned Donald A. Reed is founder and national president. He is also Count Grand-Master, Noble Order of Count Dracula; High Protector,

*(Continued on page 100)*

**Dracula really gained immortality with the 1931 Universal Pictures Production of Stoker's novel starring that unlikeliest of matinee idols, Bela Lugosi. The film was originally billed as *The Strangest Love Story of Them All.***

"Fred! Why don't you stop picking and eat!"

photographed by SIWER OHLSSON

# Sandi

Sand in her hair, toenails, navel . . . any wonder she's called 'Sandi'?

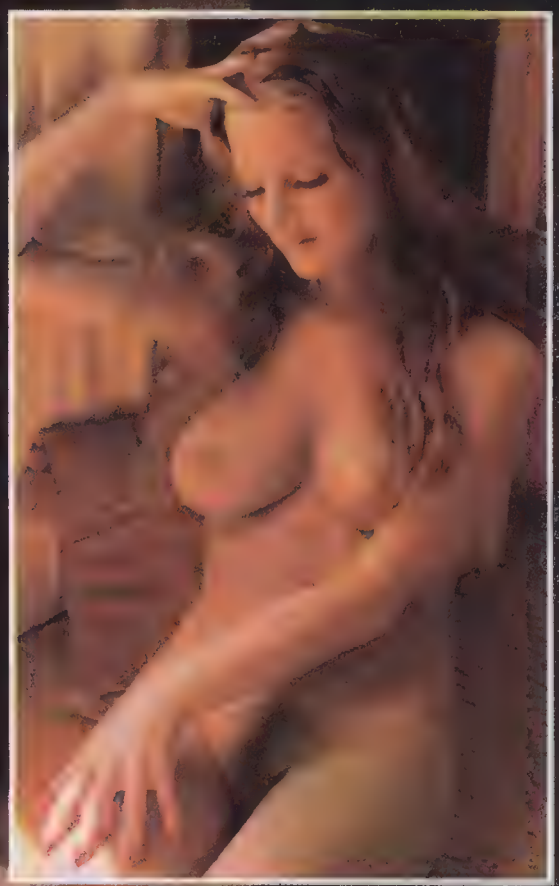
Actually Sandi is—or was—Alexandra. Forsaking Alex, and adopting California's endless beaches as her home-away-from-home, Sandi, naturally, became Sandi.

Her original home? Carson City, Nevada—where she'd never have become a Sandi. Maybe a 'Lucki'. Thank God she escaped.

What moves a girl to have practically a love affair with the beach?

"Have you ever seen the California coastline, from Big Sur, up North, on down?" Sandi asks, in answer, "I could spend all my days on the beach—and never be in the same spot twice. *That's* living. Unfortunately, I also have to work, so I only get about three days a week in the sand. All day, though . . . and sometimes night, too."

# Sandi



# Sandi

*O*ff the beach, Sandi's a real estate agent, which usually takes her just the opposite direction from 'home.'

"There's almost no property left on the water, or even *near* it," she explains, "unless, of course, you're pretty rich," and adds, with a sly smile, "like me. After all, I've got the whole beach . . . maybe not to *myself,* but I've got it."

Better yet, the beach has Sandi. 'Lucki' beach.

# CRYONICS

*(Continued from page 76)*

you will pardon the pun.

Freezing does irreparable damage to the cells, they say. As the water in the cells freezes, the formation of ice crystals puncture the cell walls; the concentration of salts and electrolytes in what remains increase to dangerous levels; the various metabolic processes are slowed at different rates so that "bio-chemical anarchy" ensues; some enzymes continue operating at lower temperatures than others and will produce toxins for which no antitoxins are being manufactured; total brain death occurs within three to five minutes of clinical death, too soon to allow future repair; even if a limited number of 10 billion brain cells could be revived after freezing, the mind of the individual would be irretrievably lost; no safe thawing method can be envisioned by experts on the basis of present knowledge.

Prevailing scientific opinion was succinctly summed up recently by a Professor of anesthesiology at UCLA in Los Angeles: "They have about as much chance of resuscitating these bodies as I have of reviving a mummy!"

Not all scientists, however, dispute Ettinger's theory. A handful are Cryonics Society members, themselves; others, some rather distinguished in the medical profession, have consented to serve on the Society's scientific advisory commission. However, three resigned last year because of derision from their professional cohorts who felt their careers and reputations were being damaged.

Some other scientists say that freezing for reanimation will be practicable " . . . some day in the far off future . . ." (One wonders whether they mean new freezing techniques, or that they are saying, cautiously, that those now in cryonic suspension can be brought back to life many years from now.)

Perhaps the most touching of all the subjects (thirteen) frozen in cryonic suspension is that of 8-year-old Genevieve de la Poterie of Montreal, Canada.

Genevieve developed cancer of her right kidney in 1970 and it soon spread to her left one and then her bowel. The doctors told her parents, Guy and Pierrette, that there was no chance of saving her.

Guy, a pharmaceuticals executive in the Canadian city, in his early thirties, had read about cryonics and saved the article. When the news hit him about Genevieve, he called Professor Ettinger in Detroit to get more information. Ettinger put him in touch with Nelson in California and arrangements were made to "suspend" Genevieve in California.

"We didn't think she'd survive the flight," said Nelson. "I had ice, all the equipment and an ambulance waiting at the airport just in case."

But doctors at the Los Angeles Children's Hospital disagreed with their compatriots in Montreal. Genevieve's second kidney was removed and she was prepared, by a shunt in the arm, for once a week dialysis on an artificial kidney machine.

Genevieve returned to Montreal several months later wearing a treasured Mouseketeers cap from a post-recuperative visit to Disneyland.

Three months after her return to Montreal, a routine hospital check-up revealed that the cancer had spread to her lungs; it had not been arrested. This time it was certain; Genevieve had but six weeks to live.

Leaving their two younger children at home in the care of relatives, the De la Poteries brought Genevieve back to Los Angeles and waited. Just before dawn on the morning of the eleventh day, she complained of sharp chest pains and morphine was administered to lessen her discomfort.

An hour later a Priest entered the room and Guy looked down at Genevieve and her eyes told him that, for probably the first time, she knew the end was near. Her eyes closed and her head fell to the side.

Nelson had made arrangements with the hospital to start the freezing process immediately. Some days before the end, Guy had discussed "the cold nap," as he put it, with Genevieve and told her that Walt Disney had wanted to take "the cold nap" but that it hadn't worked out. Many times in those final days she would say, in her moments of lucidity, how sorry she was that Walt Disney hadn't been able to take ". . . a cold nap like I will be . . ."

Following the written instructions supplied by Nelson, nurses and orderlies lifted the body of Genevieve into a plastic bag lined at the bottom with crushed ice. They injected heparin, an anti-coagulant, into the bloodstream and carried the patient to a waiting ambulance. The ambulance, especially equipped with a heart-lung machine that keeps oxygenated blood circulating through the system and nourishing the cells, sped to Buena Park (near Genevieve's beloved Disneyland) where Nelson and an assistant were waiting in the embalming parlor of all places, a mortuary. (Morticians seem to get you whether you're coming or going or just hanging around.)

Experienced practitioners, the two drained the patient's blood and began a process called "perfusion". A mortician perfuses his patients with formaldehyde. Cryonics technicians use chilled dimethylsulfoxide (DMSO, sometimes called the "wonder solvent"). Injected into the system through the femoral artery of the leg, DMSO acts like an anti-freeze, coating the cell membranes in a way that inhibits formation of ice crystals inside. (This process is to overcome the scientists predictions that ice would form in the cells and burst them.) Meanwhile using ice, they slowly cool the body down to the *30* degree range, then use dry ice. Every several degrees they inject more DMSO in order to counteract what's known as the "freeze too fast, freeze too slow" syndrome.

Twenty-seven hours later, Genevieve's body temperature was down to *-140* degrees, meaning she was ready to be sealed into the cryo-capsule, a $4,000 stainless steel cylinder filled with liquid nitrogen and resembling a giant thermos. Today it lies in an underground vault on cemetery property in the northwest San Fernando Valley. The exact location is a secret because the "lunatic fringe" of Southern California would make a tourist attraction out of it and it would probably be added to the maps of movie star's homes as a bonus feature.

Every three months a truck pulls up, connects a hose and replenishes the supply of liquid nitrogen. The cost: $300 per year.

Genevieve was (is?) the thirteenth person frozen to date. Seven others lie with her in the Valley, three are in a similar facility in New Jersey, fifteen miles outside New York, two had to be thawed out and buried because of belated family objections, and the first freeze (you will again pardon the expression), Dr. Bedford, is in an unspecified location.

***(Continued on page 92)***

Forest J. Ackerman (Forry to his friends) is the number one fan of Science Fiction (Extrapolative Fiction, or Speculative Fiction) and Fantasy on this planet. Even his license plates read SCI FI (much to the chagrin of the purists!)

Not only has Forry been collecting the memorabilia since the year One; the collection has grown so that it's become the only museum of its kind, with artifacts and this 'n' thats from just about *everyone* who is or was *anything* in just about *everything* in the genre. Among his collection are such varied goodies as an original (and *rare*) copy of *Dracula*—autographed by the author *and* by Bela Lugosi! He also owns the ring Lugosi wore in the film!

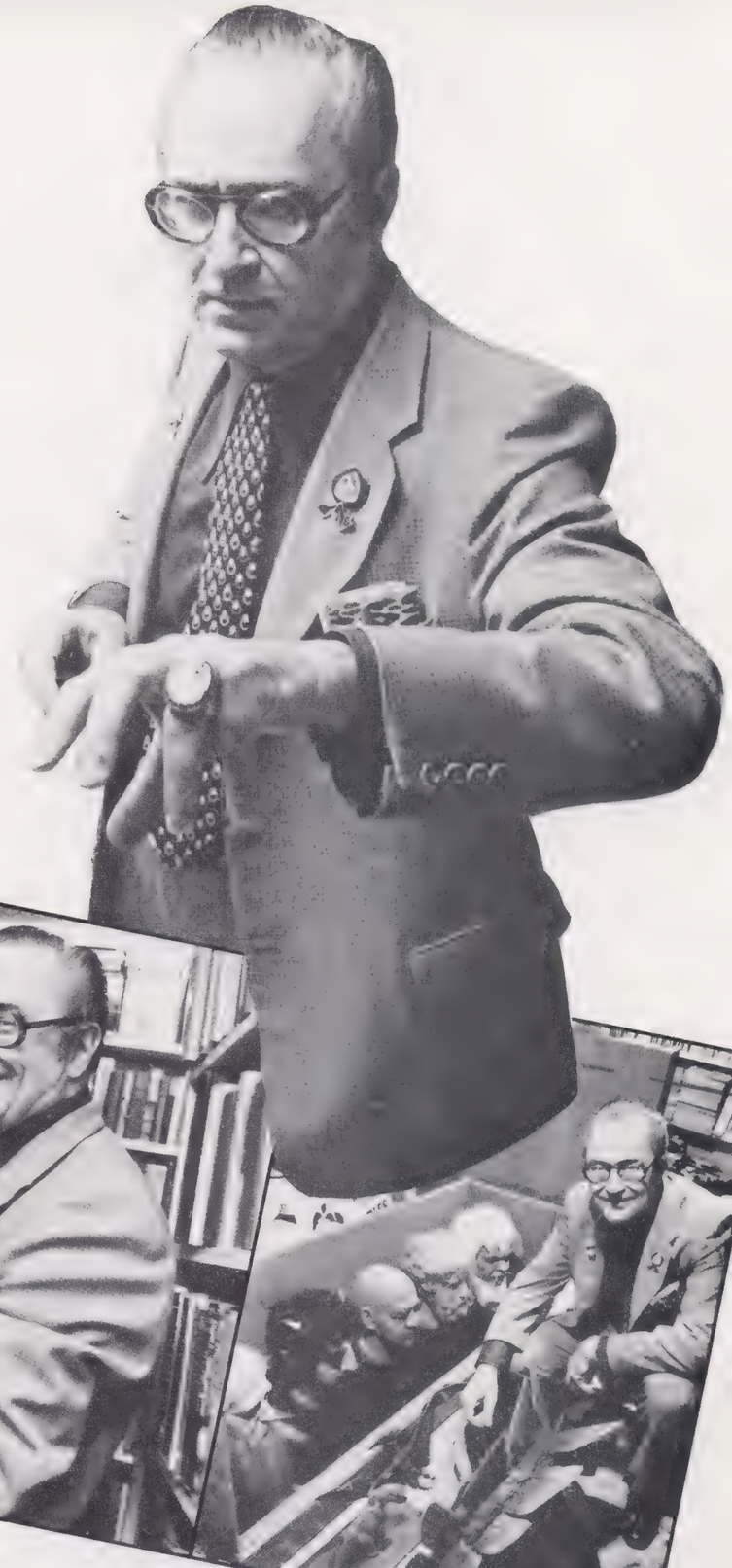
Forry Ackerman is doing an invaluable service to fandom; without his museum, many of these irreplaceable objects would be lost forever or scattered over the four corners of the globe in private collections. Forry's museum is not only open to those who *care*; it is the heritage he bequeaths to the future.

*Of course, Forry plans to be here in the future:* he has already made plans to be preserved in a "forever flask" (see our Cryonics article in this issue for specifics)and looks forward with incredible relish to when he is, uh, re-opened. He believes Cryonics is the closest we've yet come to Time/Space travel.

Besides being the author of the world's shortest Science Fiction story (a report card to Planet Earth with an *F* for failing mark on it), Forry is the creator and editor of Famous Monsters.

Last: Forry is none other than the creator,, the *original* mastermind, of Vampirella and Draculina.

For that alone *and* for everything else you've done, we salute you, Forrest J. Ackerman. As far as this issue goes, you might say This Is Your Life!



# CRYONICS

*(Continued from page 89)*

It is said that Genevieve has the best chance of being revived. Future thawing methods are likely to work on the principle of the micro-wave oven—it being essential to warm the body rapidly and at all depths—and a child's body has one third the mass of an adult's. Because she was young and despite her cancer, her body is also likely to be in better overall condition.

Total cost of frozen burial is about $15,000 to $20,000, part of which pays for the capsule, the remainder being placed in trust to cover the costs of care "in perpetuity," the same general pitch Forest Lawn uses when they bury them, period.

Most suspension members—and there are three hundred people who have made arrangements to be placed in cryonic suspension on their deaths—generally take out a term life insurance policy for $20,000 to pay for their suspension with the Cryonics Society as beneficiary. Two hundred and fifty more members pay $25 annual dues for a bimonthly newsletter and invitations to an annual conference where cryonics enthusiasts (!) drink, gossip and listen to the presentation of scholarly papers on the subject.

Where cryonics goes from here is anyone's guess. Metromedia Television recently turned down film footage on the subject as suggested by Nelson after he shot some film on cryonics and his processes for German TV. Metromedia said it was"... too shocking" even for inclusion in a documentary based on the book, "Future Shock."

If the public isn't ready for corpses on TV, even that of Mrs. Mildred Harris of Des Moines, Iowa, whose 23-year-old son had a glass panel built into the capsule so that he and others would be able to see his mother, resplendent in purple robes and ornamental jewelry, reposing in her sea of nitrogen, it appears even less ready for an afterlife.

In a poll taken in Beverly Hills last year, forty per cent of those questioned said they couldn't care less about coming back. "One life is plenty," was the general consensus.

For the future, cryonics leaders talk about it with passion bordering on reverence

The future, they say, belongs to science. The Golden Age of Bio-medical Chemistry is at hand.

Are they wrong?

◎

# SCI-FI COMES OF AGE

*(Continued from page 35)*

Editors and publishers, too, comment on what's happening from where they sit. And many times, the editor who will be reading your submitted manuscripts will be there to tell it like it is, and answer your questions afterwards.

At *Torcon*, there was a computer display, provided by the city of Toronto, where visitors, by selecting numbers on a keyboard, caused a horror-story-writer machine to compose one of 500,000 possible plots. They also had another piece of equipment with which participants were able to be rulers of a fictional kingdom for up to three years by entering decisions regarding land, grain, and funds; if they goofed, their reigns were cut short.

Then, of course, there's the banquet, where there's a speech by the Guest-of-Honor; at the *Worldcon*, add a Fan Guest-of-Honor before the trophies are awarded.

Most of the literature announcing s.f. conventions is easy to find, if you're on the "inside." And it's easy to get there: just go to one con and pick up the flyers on the registration table, or just ask around. There you can find out about local fan clubs that meet regularly.

World conventions coming up—they're held on Labor Day weekend—will be in Washington, D.C. this year (#32), and in 1975 at Melbourne, Australia.

At each world convention, the people who register are eligible to vote not only for the Hugo awards, but for the site of the *Worldcon* two years hence. Many "supporting" members register by mail from all over the world but never attend the convention. This entitles them to published progress reports on the forthcoming event. They also have the opportunity, if they decide to go, to convert their memberships to "attending" status at any time prior to the convention. The price this year? Supporting: $3.00. Attending: $5.00, until August 1, then higher at the door. (Write: *Discon II*, P.O. Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031.)

Not too long ago, the academe became interested in science fiction, and Ph.D. theses, believe it or not, have been written on the subject. As a result, you'll find an increasing number of scholarly panels cropping up at conventions, with professors of literature discussing s.f. and its allied areas: fantasy, the occult, and parapsychology. Academic journals dealing with s.f. and citing stories are continually blossoming, and the impact of imaginative literature has made its way into college departments of physics, sociology, anthropology, political science—well, you name it, and you'll be right. And, more and more, s.f. writers are being invited to campuses to give their views of alternative worlds.

Over 400 college courses are being given today on s.f., many of them for credit.

And the academics have followed close behind with their own gatherings. The annual *Secondary Universe Conference*, now in its sixth year, under the name of *The Annual Conference of the Science Fiction Research Association*, convened at the University of Pennsylvania at University Park and included such notables as Prof. Leslie A. Fiedler and authors William Tenn (Prof. Philip Klass, who teaches there), and Theodore Sturgeon. It was written up in the *New York Times*.

And the new *John W. Campbell Award*, hosted by the Illinois Institute of Technology, for the three best science fiction novels written internationally, has just made its appearance. A wide scope of backgrounded judges under chairman Dr. Leon E. Stover, professor of anthropology there, was comprised of author Brian W. Aldiss of England, Dr. Thomas D. Clareson, professor of English at the College of Wooster in Ohio, Harry Harrison, editor and author of the book from which the film *Soylent Green*, (with Charlton Heston) was made, and Willis McNelly, professor of English at California State University.

So. If you haven't become involved in conventions, you might just be interested in giving it a try. And if you do, it's possible that you could get "hooked." The worst that could happen is that you'll expand your mind—and your social life.

See you at the con!

"What is that, a book on some sort of male social disease?

# kiss of fire

*(Continued from page 50)*

this . . . this abort you call a death?"

Redditch sighed. "Stop inviting your relatives to the premieres and perhaps we'll get a few guests onboard who can still feel something."

"I don't have to take this!" the backer shouted.

"That's true," Redditch said. The tranquilizers were holding.

"That's true," said the Designer, meaning something else entirely. "Let me handle this, Mr. Nym. If you please."

"Stars!" Mr. Nym said. He turned away. Now there were two looking out the cycle ports.

"Redditch, this isn't the first inadequate job you've programmed. The *Faraway Forever* program. The *Rightful Loss* program. Others."

"Maybe I'm bored."

"We're *all* bored, dammit," said a third backer. He had his hands clasped in his lap.

"I spend considerable time designing these deaths," the Designer continued, "and I cannot permit my work to be underdone this way. These gentlemen have very legitimate complaints. Their audiences are waiting for the syndication of what we mount out here; their business is providing their audiences with top-grade empathy material. When it goes to you from my workshop, it's right. When it's actualized it lacks verve, pace, timing. There are clauses in your contract. I won't tell you again."

Redditch rose. "Don't. Refer it to my Guild." He turned and left.

Behind him, all three backers were staring out the cycle ports as the nova phased to deep purple. His soul was quiet.

He strode through the theater lounge quickly, no glance left, no glance right. If he was going to sedate and blot, he would do it alone.

She wasn't in her seat. The formfit still held the shape of her body. Glance right.

He floated lazily in the nimbus, his spine like water, his thoughts relaxed. He was talking to the memory box that contained his wife, dead these last sixty-three years—since his most recent anti-agathic rejuvenation.

"It's the end of summer, Annie."

"How did the children take it, Rai?"

They had had no children. It was an old memory box, the synthesizing channels were worn: the responses were frequently imprecise or non sequiter. The bead in which her voice scopically crusted; Annie now spoke with a slur and sometimes-drawl.

"I look about thirty now. They even fixed the prostate. I'm taller, and they lengthened the fingers on my sensor hand. I'm much faster at the console now, wider reach. But the work isn't any better."

"Why don't you speak to the Designer about it, darling?"

"That sententious lemming. I may be undertalented, but at least I don't try to sustain a miserable existence by deluding myself I'm creating great works of art."

He turned onto his stomach, staring out the port. It was dark out there. "And while we float here talking, outside this great space-going vessel cut in the shape of a moonstone, the universe whirls past at millions of light-years an hour, doo-wah-diddy mop-mop."

"Isn't that parsecs, dear?"

"How should I know. I'm a sensu programmer, not an astrophysicist."

"Is it chilly in here, Rai?"

"Oh, Annie, forget it. Say something I haven't heard. I'm dying, Annie, dying of ennui and the stupids. I don't want, I don't need, I haven't anything, don't care!"

"What do you want me to say, dear? I miss you, I'm sorry you're lonely—"

"It's not even that I'm lonely. Annie, you went through three rejuvenations with me. You were the lucky one."

"Lucky? Lucky that I died during the fourth? How do you get lucky out of that, Rai?"

"Because I've had to live sixty-three more years, and in another ten or fifteen I'm scheduled for a fifth, long-dead baby wife of mine, and I tell you three times—one two three—it's the end of the summer, love. Gone. Done. All the birds has flewed south for the final flutter. I'm going to give it a pass when rejuve comes around. I'm going to settle into dust. Summer ends, goodbye, Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Rico?"

"What sensu is that from, Rai?"

"Not sensu, Annie. Movie. Movie film. All-singing, all-dancing, all-talking. I've told you a million times, by direct count. Movie. *Little Caesar,* Edward G. Robinson, Warner Bros, oh to hell with it, there was a woman in the lounge tonight, Annie . . ."

"That's nice, sweetheart. . .was she attractive?"

"God help me, Annie, I *wanted* her! Do you know what that means to me? To *want* a woman again? I don't know what it was about her. . .I think she hated me. . .I could *feel* it, something deep and ugly when she stopped me . . ."

"That's nice, sweetheart. . .was she attractive?"

"She was bloody gorgeous, you ghost of Chirstmas Past. She was so unbelievably unreal I wanted to crawl inside her and live there. Annie. . .Annie. . .I'm going crazy with it all, with what I do, with the novae, with programming death for indolent swine who need their cheap death thrills to make it through the day just to make it through a day . . . oh, God, Annie, speak to me, come out of that awful square coffin and save me, Annie! I want night, my baby, I want night and sleep and an end to summer . . ."

The suite door hummed and a holograph of the one seeking entrance appeared in the tank. It was the woman from the theater lounge.

"That's nice, sweetheart. . .was she attractive?"

He swam out of the nimbus and whistled the door open. She came in and smiled at him.

"You were always like that when I was alive, Rai; you simply never talked to me; you never listened. . ."

He lurched sidewise and palmed the memory box to silence.

"Yes?" She stared at him with curiousity and he said it again, "Yes?"

"A little conversation, Mr. Redditch."

"I was just talking about you."

"To your little black box?"

"To what's left of my wife."

"I didn't mean to be flippant. It's very personal and dear to many people, I know."

"Not to me. Annie's gone. I'm still here. . .and it's getting to be the end of summer."

He motioned to the nimbus, and she walked to it with her eyes still on his face. "You're a very attractive human," she said, removing her clothes and sliding into the free-flow glow.

"Can I get you something? A crystal? Something to eat?"

"Perhaps some water."

He whistled up the dispenser. It rose from the grass-rugged deck, and revolved. "Fresh water, three sparkles of seed in it," he said. The checker in the dispenser mixed up the drink and set it out for him to remove.

He carried it to her and she took it, giving him a faint look of amusement. "I seem to entertain you."

She drank from the crystal, barely moving her lips. "You do."

"You aren't from the Near Colony."

"I'm not a Terrestrial."

"I didn't want to say that; I thought it might offend."

"We needn't circle each other, Mr. Ridditch. Clearly, I sought you out, I want something from you, we can be

straightline with one another."

"Apart from sex, what do you want from me?"

"My, you're talking the initiative."

"If you don't care for me, you can move out now. I'm frankly not up to badinage." He turned sharply and went back to the dispenser. "It's the end of the summer," he said, softly.

She sipped at the cool water in the crystal. He turned back to her, a melt in its helical container warm against his hand, and caught her unguarded expression: there was so much amusement in her face, in every line of her languid body, he felt like an adolescent again. "Oh, Mr. Redditch!" Her chiding was as deep and meaningful as that of a mommy's suitor, feigning concern for the offspring of the ex-husband. He turned back a second time, feeling violence in him for the first time in years; furious at her for playing him like a puppet; furious at himself for being furious.

"That's all. . .get out."

"The end of summer, Mr. Redditch?" She made no move to go. "What do you mean by the end of summer?"

"I said out. I mean out."

"You're going to ignore the rejuvenation next time? You must want something on the other side very badly."

"Who the hell *are* you? What do you want from me? It's been a bad day, a bad week, a rotten year and a stinking cycle, so why don't you just put an egg in your shoe and beat it."

"My name is Jeen."

He shook his head, totally bewildered. "What?"

"If we're going to touch, you *should* at least know my name," she said, and held out the crystal for him to take it away. But when he reached out, she laid her other hand on his wrists and drew him into the nimbus. It had been a very long time since he had wanted a woman this way, but his body betrayed him the moment her lips touched his naked chest. He lay back and closed his eyes and she made it all silk.

"Talk to me," she said.

The things he said were not love matters.

He spoke of what it was to live as something like a man for over two hundred years, and to grow weary of it because its infinite variety *did* grow stale. He spoke of what he did to send emotion and dreams of conflict to a race that ruled whole glaxaies, entire nations of planets, great sectors of space. He was a programmer of death. A practitioner of one of the last occupations left to humans. And he spoke of ennui, of jaded appetites, of nights and days aboard a moonstone vessel as large as a city. Roaming through emptiness till worlds were pinpointed. And then they were surveyed with sophisticated equipment that told them the peoples who had lived there were gone, but their racial memories were still preserved in the stones and soil and silted river bottoms of the planet. Like ghosts of alien dreams, the remembrances of all times past were still there, contained forever, immolated in the soulskins of worlds, like haunted houses that had soaked up the terrible events that had transpired within and retained them as ambience. He spoke of Designers and their special talents—those peculiar alien empaths—and how they designed the demise of whole solar systems.

How the endless sleeping memories of the peoples who had lived there were gathered up as the sun went nova; how they streamed into the sensu and the tanger and the other empathy machines, to be codified and stored and then taken back to the human worlds, to the New Colony, to sustain the weary existences of those who had no fresh dreams of their own.

And he closed with words about how he hated it.

"But the worlds are empty, aren't they?" she asked, and then put her face once more to his tensing flesh.

He could not speak. Not then.

But later he said, yes, they were empty.

Always empty, she asked.

Yes, always empty.

You're a very humane race.

I don't think there's anything left of humanity to us. We do it because it's for a greater good. And he laughed at the words, greater good. His fingers roamed over her body. He grew excited once more. It had been so long ago.

"On my world," she said, "we live much warmer than you. In times past, my race had the power of flight. We have a heritage of sky. Closed in like this makes me uneasy." He held her in the circle of his arms, his thigh between her long legs, and he drew his fingers down through her thick, deep blue hair.

"I know words and songs from four hundred years of myself and *my* race," he said, "and I wish to God I could think of something more potent to use, but 'I love you' and 'Thank you' are the only ones that come to mind . . . those, and 'The Earth moved,' but I'd better not use it, or I'll start to laugh, and I don't want to laugh."

He slid his hand down to her stomach. She had no navel. Very small breasts. Extra ribs. She was very beautiful.

"I'm happy."

"When we care, we have a way of making it last much longer. Would you?"

He nodded and her head lay at his shoulder and she felt him move. She sat up, kneeling before him in the nimbus. Her earrings was hollow, and from it she took a tiny jewel that pulsed with pale light. She crushed it under his nose and leaned forward so she could inhale the pale light mist that sprang up from the dead jewel. Then she lay down again, precisely fitting in to the waiting space.

And in a moment they began again . . .

. . .as she took him with her to her world.

A warm world, all sky, with a single sun that held the same pale light as the jewel she had used to drug him. They flew, and he saw her people as they had been ten thousand years before. Lovely with wings, bright with the expectation of a thousand years of life.

Then she let him see how they died. In the night.

They fell from the sky like tracers of light, brilliant, burning. Onto the great dust deserts already filled with the ashes of their ancestors.

Her voice was warm and soft in his mind. "My people live with the sky for a thousand years; when their time comes, they go to rest with all those who came before them.

"The deserts of dust are the resting places of my race, generation upon generation, returned to their primal dust. . .waiting for the ten thousand years to pass until they are reborn."

The world of sky and dust swam in his mind and as though it were captured in the catcheye it faded back and back; he was looking down on the world of the phoenix creatures from deep space, and he knew why she had drugged him, why she had taken him into her mind's memory, why she had come to him.

The death he had programmed had been the death of her sun, her world. Her people.

They came back to the nimbus within the suite in the moonstone vessel. He could not move, but she turned him so he could stare out through the cycle port at the emptiness where her world had been. Only dust remained. And she let him hear one last trailing scream from that world, at the moment of its death; the wail of her race, a nation that would never rise from its own dust and ashes.

The ten thousand years might pass, but the phoenix people would never again soar through their skies.

"Can you hear me? Can you speak? I want you to know why."

His mouth was thick and his speech was clumsy, but he heard her and he could speak and he said he understood. She bent to him and took his face in her cool hands. "Centuries ago, my ancestors were sent away. They were. . ." her hesitation was filled with pain and loneliness, ". . .imperfect." She turned away for a moment and he saw high on her back two knots of atrophied muscle, and the vision of winged men and women came to him as it had in the vision she'd let him see, and he understood that, too. Then she turned back; stronger. "There were a few like them in every generation, and they gave birth to others who gave birth to us. But no more. Now we are so few, so very few. Now almost all the people are gone."

"It was a mistake," he said. She could not tell what he had said through the drug, and he repeated it. She looked at him and nodded gently; but she was stronger.

"You said there was very little left of humanity in your race. That is the truest thing you could have said. What I do is what will be done to all of you. There are a few more of my race, and when they are gone there will be others, of other races. And they will finish the job. You may not be the first, but you will certainly not be the last. Your time is past. You had your chance and turned it against every race you ever met. And now that your time is done, you think you'll take everyone with you."

He could not regret dying, as he knew he would die. She was right. The time for men had come and gone, and what they did now was useless, but more than useless. . .it was senselsss.

Unlike her people, men did not have the good grace to go off alone and die. They tried, in their deranged way, to drag the universe into the grave with them. Not just the leaching out of preserved memories for the momentary amusement of the jaded and corrupt, but *everything* men did, now that they owned the universe. It was better that the human race be aided in its slovenly demise then to be allowed to leave nothing but ashes when it vanished at last.

He had killed her race, lying sleeping, waiting to be reborn in flames. So he could not hate her. Nor did she need to know that she brought him the dearest gift he had ever received. It was the end of the summer and he was content knowing he would not have to wait for the chill of winter to descend on his race.

"I'm happy," he said.

She may have known what he meant. He thought she knew: her eyes were moist as she bent to him for the final time, and kissed him. It was the longest kiss he had ever known.

There were flames and heat as great as a nova and then there was nothing but ash that floated freely in the nimbus.

When they came to the suite of the sensu programmer, none of them knew they were looking at the last days of men. Only Keltin, the Designer, seemed to understand, in some deep racial way, and he said nothing.

But he smiled in expectation as the moonstone ship sailed away into the eternal night.

* * *

## HARLAN ELLISON

*(continued from page 52)*

*exaggeration, as a natural self-aggrandizement. And yet, and yet . . .*

*Gay Talese wrote over a decade ago, when Ellison was still a relative unknown, about how he faced down Frank Sinatra and some of his goons in a private club in Beverly Hills. Writers Avram Davidson and Roger Zelazny have also told of personal bravery on his part in seemingly improbable situations.*

*I listened to him once tell a group of fans about his training as a Ranger and watched a girl stand up breathlessly and ask him if he had ever killed anyone. "None of your business," he said crisply, with a tight smile, and I chuckled to myself. The answer was so perfectly calculated to give the impression that, of course, he had. So much bullshit, I thought. And yet. . . .*

*In the midst of the convention we attended together in New York, he went into one of his routines, stomping off the stage as if he were going to attack a heckler in the audience. And then, although no one seemed to notice it, he suddenly reached down, picked up a chair with one hand by the lowermost portion of the front leg, flipped it around and caught it in the air before lowering it to the floor again. A parlor trick, true, but not one the average person can pull off.*

*You have to wonder.*

Harlan Ellison is a *personality*. He is thus able to walk away from projects which displease him (at the New York convention last spring he was plugging *Starlost*, a syndicated television series which he had created. It turned out to be a bomb, but Ellison had long since taken his name off of it and walked away. It cost him, he says, $93,000).

He can confront *Doubleday*, largest publisher in the world, publishers of the first two *Dangerous Visions* anthologies, and eventually get them to release him from his contract so that he can go to *Harper & Row* with the third volume, where he is happier.

He can insist that no cigarette advertisements be bound into paperback editions of his books.

He can command reasonable rates for his stories and advances on his books, because his name is a selling point and both he and the publishers know it.

But the best thing about it all is that Harlan Ellison is having a hell of a good time. He might now and again regret that he can't just sit in some isolated Shangrila and be judged purely on the merit of his stories alone, but basically he enjoys being Harlan Ellison, star.

His appearance at the *Lunacon* in New York last April was a case in point. Because of some intramural squabbling, it was his first confrontation with organized fandom in several years, and he made the most of it.

Believe this: Harlan Ellison could have been a helluva stand-up comedian. On stage, he is a combination of Dick Cavett, Jack Paar and Mort Sahl, all of it overlaid with a heavy dose of Lenny Bruce. He has timing which is almost perfect. He knows how to use the audience as a foil. The whole bit is there.

He dominated the proceedings, simply dominated them:

—he read aloud his story, *The Whimper of Whipped Dogs*, and turned the convention hall into a theater;

—he auctioned off an unsaleable short story by young writer George Alec Effinger and got $75 for it;

—he came running and screaming into a panel discussion he was supposed to moderate, leaped up onto the podium table and began to throttle participant Gardner Dozois;

—he wept as he read aloud an essay about his dog Ahbhu, who had recently died;

—he picked up relatively unknown

writer Jack Dann on an elevator on a whim and made him part of a panel discussion on the Barry Farber radio program;

—he completely destroyed a serious discussion when he suddenly looked up and commented, "Look, everybody knows that Tinker Bell puts out, but did you ever try to figure out how she does it?"

There are other sides to the man, intriguing sides that are often in conflict with his on-stage personality. He relished—and took full advantage of—the innate sexual attraction of a "star", but also showed real and honest concern for the feelings of the girls who threw themselves at him, to the point where he was a full half hour late for his guest-of-honor speech because he was soothing the feelings of one such eager female. And, following his final appearance late on a Sunday afternoon, he entertained at a quiet dinner for his uncle and aunt, becoming for the occasion the proper and dutiful Jewish boy who made good.

Digression number three: *Have I made some sort of mistake here, not giving all of the details and facts normally found in a profile such as this? I think not, but for the completists among you, let us offer the following statistics:*

*Harlan Ellison will be 40 years old this May, having been born in 1934 in Cleveland, Ohio. He attended school in Painesville, a small town 30 miles east of Cleveland and ran away from home at the age of 13 to, believe it or not, join a carnival. He was brought back eventually, in body if not in spirit.*

*He eventually graduated from high school in Cleveland, a period marked more significantly by his discovery of science fiction and his publication of a science fiction "fanzine" called Dimensions*. The lad was hooked, and he entered Ohio State in 1954 to "further my writing abilities." When a creative writing teacher there assured him that he had no talent whatsoever, he suggested that the man go perform the standard biological impossibility (he was later thrown out of the school in any case).

Without going into all the painful details, suffice it to say that Ellison survived until 1962, when a review of his paperback collection, *Gentleman Junkie*, in *Esquire* by Dorothy Parker marked a breakthrough which set him onto the path he is still following today.

Those who need to know such things should be apprised that Harlan Ellison is relatively short, sharp-featured and has been married three times, none of them successfully. He neither dopes nor drinks, being, as he says, on a permanent high of his own. "Until I come down, I won't need anything else," he claims.

He sleeps very little, is neither as quarrelsome nor as arrogant as he likes to appear and suffers fools only briefly.

The last time I talked with Harlan Ellison was by telephone. He was sitting at his desk in his sprawling house on a mountainside overlooking the San Fernando Valley in Southern California. The house, by the way, is dominated by books and art: books are so numerous that the place is replete with bookcases, to the point where even closets have been converted to hold them; paintings are so plentiful that all the wall space is gone and he has resorted to hanging them from hooks in the ceiling.

And what are you up to now, Harlan?

"I've just turned out 129 pages of a television script in five days and it is the best, absolutely the best film script I've ever written. It's based upon *Brillo*, the short story I wrote with Ben Bove (editor of *Analog*, most successful of the few surviving science fiction magazines) and is going to be an *ABC Movie of the Week* in March."

Uh huh. Anything else?

"Well, my story *A Boy and His Dog* has been made into a movie with Jason Robards, Jr. and I'm going to be the voice of the dog, who, as you remember, can talk."

Right. And . . .

"Well, I've just finished an article on the *Starlost* fiasco and lawyers keep going over and over it to make sure it isn't libelous. That will be printed somewhere soon, I hope."

and . . .

"There's a college anthology I'm doing with a California teacher, Arnold Kunert, and several paperback series I'm involved with in one way or another and I'm dating this incredible girl named Lynda . . ."

It goes on and on. Harlan Ellison is a work in progress.

Go back to the beginning, friends.

*Me* act like Harlan Ellison?

I only wish.

* * *

**Ray Bradbury**
**Harlan Ellison**

# bobby unser

(Continued from page 107

way. A tight left-hand hairpin shot into view. Grappling for room to maneuver, Unser's Jaguar and the other vehicle banged doors and body panels. Both were swerving. Plunging into the corner, fighting the wheel, Bobby regained control just in time to observe the other car impact a rock wall at terrific speed, and disintegrate.

Instinctively, Bobby applied the brakes.

"What the hell are you slowing down for?" demanded his father. "Get your foot off that brake."

"But Daddy," Bobby stammered, "that guy must be hurt bad. We've got to stop to help him."

"Godammit, forget that. There are other people back there to help. You keep going. If you stop, you'll be disqualified from the race."

Bobby could still see the accident in his mind. Feeling weak, sick to his stomach, he reluctantly resumed the race. But his heart wasn't in it. Gruffly his father told him to go faster. Finally Bobby did, and started overtaking cars again, gaining positions.

An hour and 100 miles later, still in a state of shock, Bobby lost control of the Jaguar and crashed into an adobe wall outside Atlixco. He and his father were unhurt, but out of the Mexican Road Race.

Late that night, as Bobby lay in a hotel room bed, nervous and shaking, word came that the driver of the Alfa Romeo was dead.

*OCTOBER, 1957:* Making a fast pit stop for tires and fuel at a stock car race at Riverside, California, Bobby, 22, prepared to quit the Ford. "It's out of brakes. I can't slow down for the corners."

His older brother Louie, chief mechanic on the Ford, stopped him. Bluntly Louie declared: "So you're out of brakes. Too bad. You get your ass back on the track and find a way to drive without brakes."

Bobby meekly obeyed. Spending the rest of the hot afternoon scaring himself by skidding his brakeless 4,000-pound Ford sedan around the hairpins and oil-slick curves, he moved up to second place before crashing into another car. Again, he wasn't hurt.

*JULY, 1959:* Less than a month after burying one of his older brothers, Jerry Jr. (killed in a flaming Indianapolis practice smash-up), Bobby left Albuquerque for the East, impatient to begin a full-time championship racing career. A wealthy car owner had telephoned offering a steady ride; all Bobby had to do was show up at Indy to claim it.

But on the trip East, Bobby stopped off at a friend's ranch in Tulsa. And, while jockeying the friend's "underpowered" little go-kart, the throttle stuck open and Bobby clobbered a cement wall at almost 60 mph.

His skull fractured, his face partially paralyzed, spinal fluid dripping out one of his ears, Bobby seemed more dead than alive. He spent a year convalescing. Gone was his golden opportunity to race in the big time. Gone at least temporarily was his desire to race cars at all. Weak, barely able to care for himself, he languished at home in Albuquerque.

*AUGUST, 1961:* Racing again, this time in a hairy sprint car on the Manzanita dirt track in Phoenix, Bobby came into a corner at 100 mph. Careening, his overpowered car got up on two wheels, dug in, then flipped five times and finally disappeared over the walls and out of the track. Following the crash landing, the car finished up on its back in an adjacent drainage ditch, Unser trapped inside. Bobby's right shoulder, mangled in the wreck, would never recover fully, would plague him and his racing from then on.

*MAY, 1963:* Making his Indianapolis *500* debut at last, steering a screaming STP Novi, Bobby barreled into a corner too hot, felt the heavy car breaking loose and getting away from him, then slammed the outer concrete wall tail-first. It was the second lap. Starting his first 500, he had managed to finish 33rd out of 33 starters.

*MAY, 1964:* Again Bobby drove in the *500*. This time he completed less than a lap. A flaming multi-car collision on the home straightaway blocked the track and sent smoke and flames three stories high, killed two drivers and injured several others, including Unser, who suffered painful neck burns. But Andy Granatelli, owner of the 28-year old Unser's car insisted: "Without the accident, I feel Bobby Unser would have won the *500* hands down. He had passed nine cars going into the first turn and had passed six more down the backstraight."

*JULY, 1965:* A blazing sun beat down on the high banked corners of Winchester Speedway in rural eastern Indiana. A field of U.S. Auto Club sprint cars had gathered for a Sunday afternoon of time trials, heats, and finals. The steep corners put tremendous G-forces on a driver's body, make it difficult for a driver to hold his neck straight. Bobby Unser hated Winchester because it hurt not only his neck, but his previously-weakened shoulder.

Bobby was too scared to drive really fast, the owner of his car, a hard-bitten veteran owner and mechanic, Don Shepherd, realized. "Don, this place scares me to death," Bobby admitted.

Feining anger, Shepherd said, "Okay, damn it, if you can't drive the car right, I'm going to load it up and leave. To hell with it. Why should I waste my time if you can't drive it? Here, give me a hand. We're going to roll it onto the trailer."

"No, no," Bobby implored. "Don't load it up. I want to drive it. Give me another chance."

Shepherd seemed to relent. "Well—okay. But you'll have to drop your lap time by half-a-second. Give me another half-a-second a lap and you'll qualify for the race."

When it came time for his qualifying attempt, Bobby, taking more risks than any human being should, and out of control more often than not, successfully made up the two seconds.

Belting himself tightly into the car just before the start, Unser was nervous and anxious to get going. But Shepherd had some final words with his driver.

"You take it easy in the race now, Bobby," he said, his eyes gleaming, and meaning no such thing, meaning in fact just the opposite. Bobby, realizing this, nodded grimly.

Running the race at breakneck speed, Unser finished in a contending position—and could not stop shaking from nervousness and fear until fifteen minutes later.

*MARCH, 1966:* A front wheel flew off Bobby Unser's championship car in the middle of a fast corner at Phoenix. At better than 120 the three-wheeled machine tipped up on its nose, then skidded for the outer guardrail which it hit with terrific force, shredded, and finally squeezed underneath, with Bobby still strapped in the cockpit.

Somehow Bobby remembered to duck his head in time, and was not guillotined.

"That's the last time I let anyone hammer my wheels tight without me being there to check," Bobby vowed.

Later, as the three-wheeled wreck was pulled and dragged clear, Bobby reached in and ripped free the bent steering wheel, which he took home to Albuquerque and mounted on the wall of his den as a macabre sort of trophy.

*NOVEMBER, 1967:* Another race, this one a nighttime sprint car final at Ascot Speedway in Los Angeles, and another crash. But Bobby Unser, now 32, was a harder person than before.

Bobby's Ford-powered car was struck from behind and disabled by one belonging to Larry Dickson. Afterwards, Dickson, in pain from a back injury, looked numbly into the track lights and saw Bobby Unser glowering at him.

"Why in the hell don't you look where you're going?" Bobby demanded.

*MAY, 1968:* Having won three championship races in a row, Unser arrived at Indianapolis and, from the start, practiced for day after day on the big track, a grim expression on his face. On May 15 he hit the fastest lap in history to that point—169.300 mph. Could 170 be far behind?

No. The next day was windless and cool and perfect for speed. Flat on his back in his cigar-shaped Rislone Eagle, Bobby moved cautiously out of the pits and onto the Speedway, spent a couple of laps warming the engine and scuffing in the fresh tires, then began driving fast.

His speed: 170.778.

"It's a bit like being fired out of a rifle," he explained.

Fast as he was, Joe Leonard and Graham Hill were faster still. The two team turbine drivers proceeded to grab off the first two starting places, averaging 171.559 and 171.208 respectively. Unser, who had gone so fast unofficially, could make only 169.507 when it counted. He would start third.

Came the Memorial Day *500* and both turbines jumped off into the lead. Their power was awesome, it seemed as if only one conventional piston-engined car could keep up with them—Unser's. Suddenly Bobby passed Graham Hill to be second behind Leonard, and not long afterwards he stormed his Eagle past Leonard on the front straightaway to seize the lead.

No time for stroking now. Unser buried his foot on the throttle and held the lead, although he could not shake off Leonard, a tough and experienced former motorcycle racer, nor could he get away from 42-year-old Lloyd Ruby of Texas, who suddenly seemed to have the fastest car on the track, a high-revving Mongoose Offy.

The three leaders boomed around and around at terrific speed. Soon they were lapping slower cars. Make one mistake, Bobby Unser told himself, and both Leonard and Ruby will take advantage of it.

As the quarter million spectators in the grandstands and infield gawked, the tempo quicked. Graham Hill's red turbine clobbered a wall so hard a wheel was wrenched off and Hill was out. Al Unser, Bobby's baby brother, also hit the wall with his turbocharged Ford, but was unhurt. And with 50 miles to go, the dogfight for first continued.

Bobby made his final pit stop for fuel, but as he sped back onto the Speedway his two-speed gearbox malfunctioned, the Eagle took a long time to get up to speed. And Bobby squeezed the steering wheel and stomped on the throttle, cursing.

Lloyd Ruby had worse luck. A small, inexpensive electrical coil in the engine soured out and Ruby, close to tears, lost five minutes in the pits while his mechanics fixed it. He also lost any chance of winning the *500*.

Joe Leonard's turbine was leading, and Unser, a quarter-of-a-lap behind, was burning up the track to catch him, but there wasn't enough time.

Black, greasy smoke billowing up from the back straightaway indicated a car was afire. It was the Ford-powered Coyote of Carl Williams, which had been bringing up the rear. All around the Speedway yellow caution lights flashed, the remaining cars had to slow down and bunch up while emergency crews cleaned up the wreckage.

This was Bobby's last chance to gain ground on Leonard. But Art Pollard, driving a third turbine, seemed to be deliberately holding Unser back and allowing Leonard to increase his lead. Spectators booed, Unser's pit mechanics shook their fists at Pollard, and Bobby, frustrated with rage, continued cursing. Then the green light flashed on again with only 20 miles—eight laps—to go.

Stunningly, Joe Leonard's turbine, safely in the lead, abruptly flamed out, died, and retired from the race. Now it was Leonard's turn to curse.

And Bobby Unser won the *500*, $177,523, and his average speed of 152.882 mph broke all records.

"Feel sorry for Leonard?" asked the jubilant Unser. "Hell, no. Would he have felt sorry for me if it had been the other way around?"

*NOVEMBER, 1970:* On Thanksgiving night, Bobby Unser, 35, sat in the bar of his Alburquerque ranch-style home, drinking with a friend who had flown in from Los Angeles. It was a lonely evening for Unser, because he and his second wife were in the middle of a divorce. Bobby was drinking his favorite: Scotch and 7-Up.

"I've certainly accomplished a lot with my racing," he remarked. "Racing has made me rich; it's made me famous. Do you know I'm probably the highest-paid race driver in the country?"

"Racing has also made you hard," the friend stated.

"Yes," Unser agreed slowly, "a race driver has to be a hard person. He can't let deaths and accidents reach him. But sooner or later, a race driver has to get nicked, to fall by the wayside."

Talking, he switched on the TV. A Three Stooges comedy was in progress. Custard pies hit faces. A houseful of furniture was demolished. Unser laughed and laughed. The rougher the comedy got, the more damage that was inflicted, the more he laughed.

*MAY, 1973*: Going out to qualify for another Indy *500* in the middle of a howling wind storm, Bobby Unser almost reached 200 but fell short, hitting 198. Under such windy conditions, it was counted incredible that he could hold his delicate 1,500-pound car between the walls at all.

"Wind definitely was the one factor that stopped a 200 mph lap," said former driver Freddy Agabashiam. "I was standing on the radio network tower when Unser went out and I had to spread my legs to stabilize myself.

"I was thinking anyone who qualified in those conditions had to do one helluva job. He had to be brave as well as good."

Smiling, Unser added, "At the speeds we're going there is absolutely no margin for error. Once the race starts, and you're in the middle of traffic going 190, you shiver and wince. You're a bundle of nerves."

But in the *500*, which saw one pit mechanic and one driver die, and another driver badly chopped up in an accident at the start. Unser's Eagle failed to finish, breaking down late in the going. Five months later, Unser crashed at Fastrack outside Phoenix.

Bobby Unser is 38. For how much longer will he race?

"The thing a race driver loses first is his desire," Bobby once said. "He loses that strong desire, that lust for speed, that lust to take a chance.

"I haven't lost mine yet."

Another driver shook his head in disbelief and said, "Bobby Unser is so hard, there are times I don't think he has a heart."

# DRACULA

*(continued from page 80)*

Order of the Golden Bat; and Chairman, period. Reed's society has a yearly dinner at which it awards its Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Award, named after the Englishwoman Reed says was the first popular terror novelist. This year 400 people attended, including historians McNally and Florescu and William Marshall, the black actor who played *Blacula* in the soul version of the Stoker story and was rewarded with the society's Special Cinema Award.

Reed, whose doctorate is in law, says his society was founded in 1962 by film students, authors, directors, actors and writers for the "serious study of horror films and Gothic literature." But those interested in unearthing deeper motives may be more inspired by Reed's analysis of Dracula: "Dracula is an idea, a concept full of fantasies and wonders, beyond the reaches of darkness and the imagination. Dracula symbolized the loneliness of evil. Despite his ravenous activities, there lingers an eternal sadness about his personality, a brooding, withdrawn happiness. He lingers in this world, but he is not of this world. He is a demon, but above all he is a man.

"The modern civilization, as T.S. Eliot said, consists of the living dead. Why then should we object to the dead living? And the final message of Dracula is that 'nothing dies, and life is eternal.'"

Freudians, please note. And that is exactly what Leonard Wolf did in his recent book. *A Dream of Dracula: In Search of the Living Dead.*

Wolf, a California State University (San Francisco) literature professor, made what has been by far the most exhaustive and serious attempt to explain the longevity of the Dracula idea. What maintains its enduring ability to hover as a psychic bat slapping against the shutters of vulnerable human minds?

Wolf ultimately admits that there is no way of driving a Socratic stake through the heart of the Dracula phenomenon. But he *has* isolated some partial explanations.

The immortality that Dracula gains by drinking the blood of his victims is obviously one factor, related not obscurely to the sacramental drinking of Christ's "blood." While a few of the cinematic incarnations of Dracula have momentarily regretted their inability to die in the normal course of events, none of them has seemed overjoyed at finally being melted, burned or skewered in the last reel. And how many of us have not occasionally found ourselves hoping that good old Dr. Van Helsing left his crucifix in his other pants or that Dracula will after all make it back to his coffin before sunrise?

The sexual aspects of Dracula's curious appeal are also obvious, quite notably in the Lugosi portrayal. Lugosi once said that 97 per cent of his fan mail come from women and theorized, vampire chauvinist that he was, that "Women are interested in terror for the sake of terror. This seems to have bred a keen interest in suffering, experienced vicariously through the screen."

Biting, of course, is a common enough part of sex. (Let he who has not bitten a lover in a passionate moment cast the first silver bullet.) But over-enthusiastic biting leads to bleeding, which opens up a new element. Thus, vampirism and sex have always been closely related.

In Eastern Europe, vampires were said to cast spells that caused sterility and impotence. And anyone who wanted to locate a vampire knew that he had only to find a virgin, boy or girl, seat said virgin on a horse of a solid color that had never stumbled (and was also a virgin) and lead the horse through a cemetery. If the horse refused to pass over a grave, this indicated there was a vampire in it.

Wolf himself found a more modern manifestation of the blood-sex tie among a group of Hell's Angels. He describes an initiation ceremony in which a circle of Angels surround the initiate, "Scholar Gypsy," and a nude menstruating teen-aged girl:

"She is young and when she lies down, her elbows and shoulders and knees are angular in the firelight. Her small breasts seem to disappear. The Scholar Gypsy kneels again. She knows he is there. Her knees raised, she opens her thighs. The watchers are not there. They are holding their breaths, not watching. Watching. Scholar Gypsy bends his head where the blood flows slowly, the mark of her womanhood, her readiness. Scholar Gypsy bends his head and drinks."

Wolf had no success in finding more classical present-day examples of bite-them-on-the-neck vampirism. In fact, an ad he placed in the San Francisco Chronicle saying, "Are you a vampire? Replies confidential" drew responses along the lines of "I am a vampire. What can I do for you?" and "Dear Sir: No. Sincerely . . ."

Nor have any of the other students of the Dracula cult found anybody practicing what the fictional Count preached, in spite of all the identifying that seems to be going on.

But if the physical Dracula is unreal, the fantasy Dracula isn't, making his marks not on our necks but on our psyches, our entertainment budgets, our television schedules, our images of ourselves as sensible people.

It's dumb. But praise the Lord and pass the wolfbane anyway.

**"I'D LIKE TO MAKE A DEPOSIT."**

# SYMPOSIUM

**SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME**

I must say I was extremely disappointed with the so-called "Science Fiction Hall of Fame" by Robert Silverberg (Feb. *Swank*). It wasn't a Hall of Fame! It was a Hall of Horrors! Now, there's nothing wrong with what the piece actually *was*, but I felt so damn cheated! The title promised what it didn't deliver.

It was like when I went to see *Mondo Cane* several years ago. Everyone had told me to go see it, how great it was and blah blah blah. So I went. And through the first half, I kept waiting for the plot to be revealed. No one explained to me up-front that it was a movie done in bits and pieces, slices of life, so to speak. Once I realized that, I sat back and enjoyed the slices. The peeks. But I felt robbed, still. Even as I enjoyed it.

With "Hall of Fame" it was the same. I was expecting a Science Fiction Hall of Fame. Maybe little stories about Asimov, Bradbury, Ellison, Heinlein . . . and even Silverberg.

Who the hell titled it? Really misleading, gentlemen. Really misleading.

*T.J.*
*Akron, Ohio*

. . . crawling into Silverberg's head was truly a delight! I've been reading his stuff only recently, and was excited to see his name on the cover of *Swank*. I must admit I really expected a Hall of Fame, and not a joyride through the author's head. Still, as I say, I enjoyed it. Especially a couple of small things. One, where he said ". . . they give me: life eternal and a cosmic perspective" referring to why he reads s-f. And the other part was where he says, "What do I fear? I fear the future. I fear the infinite possibilities that lie ahead."

I'm a s-f fan mainly because of the incredible honesty I find among s-f/fantasy writers (and readers), and this piece was no exception. Let's see more s-f and other kinds of speculative fiction in *Swank* from now on, huh? There are a lot of us who can't get enough and, when we get it in magazines such as *Swank*, well, it's a double bonus! Keep it up, *please*.

*E.H.*
*Mailbu, Calif.*

*How do you like this issue? We've received so many requests like yours that we decided to go crazy. Enjoy. And let us know!*

**MOB-ABILIA**

How does Antonio Calabrese know so much about the mob—and live to tell it? I hope you've got bullet-proof offices. But seriously, let's have more of this interesting reading.

*B.B.*
*Wycoff, New Jersey*

*We've always stood on our Constitutional rights to expose the guilty . . . er, that is, we did, until these strange characters started staking out our building . . . .*

**BEBE LUI**

Bebe Lui (SWANK January) has got to be the most sensuous fox I've seen in years! Why don't more magazines use pictures of Eurasian models? Eastern women are the most sexual girls on this planet for my money, and Bebe Lui proves it! More of her in the future, please!

*M.P.*
*LaCrosse, Wis.*

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

What ever happened to the good fiction you used to have in *Swank?* When I pick up a story to read, that's what I want—a story. Not some poor-ass excuse to sneak in some more sex. Sex is fine, but not in *everything*, please! And what about pictures of couples sometimes, instead of just girls? That's a little more realistic, you know. Am I asking for too much?

*J.K.*
*Revere Beach, Mass.*

*Obviously you're not asking for too much—because you've got it. Lots of good things are happening with* Swank, *and good fiction and pictorial displays of couples are two of them. Read on . . . .*

*And write on too, because we not only appreciate your comments—we listen to them . . . . as you can see.*

# BRADBURY

*(continued from page 105)*

what my life has been? I've never had anything! I've never traveled! Never had any money! Never done anything! *I waited for this year!* Goddamnit! You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna come back from Europe *broke!* I'm gonna take all this money and I'm gonna spend it *all!*

" 'Cuz I've *never* had a year like this! And I may be dead a couple of years from now! Damnit ta hell! I don't want a business manager! This is gonna be a ball! I'm gonna live in the best hotels! I'm gonna drink champagne! I'm gonna get fat on food, and we're gonna come home with *nuthin'!*"

And he said, "Gad, you're right!" He said, "Go do it! Goodby! I wouldn't dream of getting in your way!"

So we went to Europe and we *lived* in the good hotels, and we *drank* the champagne, we *ate* the foods, and we *traveled*, and we saw Rome and Florence and Venice which I always wanted to see and we fell in love with all of it! And we came home, by the time we were done, with only around four thousand dollars left. But, boy! I've never regretted *that*, you know? That's what it's all about, really, huh?!

**SWANK:** It's what I'd have done! Hey. One of the dedications in one of your books was especially intriguing: "For Dad, whose love very late in life surprised his son." What does the quote mean, exactly?

**BRADBURY:** Every son and every father go through the same junk together. Boys are such smartasses. Every generation the same thing goes on. The boy grows to a certain age and he begins to test his father. He begins to imagine he knows more, and is brighter and superior and, of course, it's all a lie.

So I got to a certain age when I was doing the same sort of thing with my father. At political levels and—all that meaningless twaddle that goes on. The arguments between father and son which are so fruitless. Absurd. And, the older you get, the more you realize you're ashamed of your earlier self for ever having made the trouble you did. When you should have been busy loving.

So, when I was going to Europe on that first trip and was going to be gone a year, probably . . . which is a long time to be away, because my parents had been accustomed to seeing me every week of their lives since I was born.

So my father came over to the house with a gold watch that had belonged to his grandfather. He put it in my hands and hugged and kissed me, then he held me out at arms length and there were tears in his eyes. And it just cracked me right in half. And I thought to myself, "My God! How dumb can you get? Here's my father. And I'm the center of his life. And he loves me. Why have I been so blind?" And I wept.

It changed our friendship. It became so beautiful. And he was alive another four years. In that last four years I made up for . . . it was like Scrooge when he saw the light. It's very hard to talk about without getting emotional. Even this late. My Dad's been dead fifteen years. I miss the man terribly. But thank Christ I had the brains to see that the man loved me. And I knew I loved him. We made our peace.

I try to tell this to kids when I go to graduations. I say, "You know, there are only two people who give a damn about you." There's that old saying, "May I die before my children."

Family comes before everything. Before country, before politics, everything.

**SWANK:** What most interests you?

**BRADBURY:** Human beings and their relationships. That's really where everything happens. Big decisions are made around one o'clock at night when husband and wife—or lover and lover—are lying together after they've made love and they begin to talk. Then they talk of futures; mutual careers, mutual dreams—"What do you want?" "What do *you* want?" "What do we want together?" etc., etc. The big long philosophical talks that we all have in all marriages, in all affairs. And that's the area I'm interested in.

What happens out in the world is unimportant. Because it's how you as two people *react* to that. You see, *anything* can happen out in the world, and you can react all kinds of ways to the same basic truth. Some people react to war one way. To some people it comes as a relief because the marriage or the affair is falling apart—war is great, suddenly. It gives you a chance to run away from each other. So, the events in the world don't really count for much. It's how we react to all of them.

How we react to individual infidelities, dishonesties among our friends, our lovers. How we react to sex, how we react to growing old, how we react to illness and to death. And we all teach ourselves along the way.

I remember crossing the back lot of *Universal* one day with Alfred Hitchcock and some of his assistants, in the middle of which I saw a young man hosing down the pavement. He was stripped to the waist and he was absolutely golden. He was just unconcerned and—I suppose he was the gardner, huh? And I pointed at him and said, "My God! I wonder if he knows how rich he is? He's gonna walk through the world and the girls are gonna be harvested! Right off their feet." Now I don't want him to know too much. But I want him to just have a sense of his own genetics. You're fortunate, young man. Fer crissakes, be kind, huh? With that gift of beauty, be kind with it. Don't be mean. Don't be small. Because it's not many of us . . . we have to work for our dividends.

So, when you look at people like that, jeez, he could be making just thirty dollars a week but, boy! I hope he knows how wealthy he is.

I'm wealthy. God gave me *this* (his writing). Here's my real wealth. Doesn't matter what my income is. I know I have this gift, and I intend to treat it well. It's the only thing that humbles me, to be the keeper of a thing like that.

"Hey, get a look at that redhead in the third row!"

# NO SF/FANTASY SPECIAL WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT...

# SINGING THE BRADBURY ELECTRIC

**By Pam Fourzon**

Ray Douglas Bradbury was born August 22nd, 1920, in Waukegan, Illinois. Besides being known by his friends as the happiest human being alive, he is known by friends anf fans alike as one of the most magical contributors to American Letters. He began selling science fiction stories in 1941 to magazines like *Harper's*, *Mademoiselle*, and *The New Yorker*. His books have not only sold millions and millions of copies, but he is one of the extremely rare living authors whose *every* book is kept in current reprint circulation. Among these jewels are *Dandelion Wine*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *The Illustrated Man* (which, in its film version, starred Rod Steiger and Clair Bloom), *Farenheit 451*, *October Country*, *I Sing the Body Electric*, and *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

Besides being one of the great masters of science fiction, Bradbury equals himself in fantasy; unknown to many, Ray is the author of the screenplay version of Melville's *Moby Dick* (which starred Gregory Peck).

When I wrote him to ask if there was any latest-latest news I could add to this piece, Ray responded (in part): "I have just done a new play, performed at Cal State University, *Pillar of Fire*. It works. I'm very happy about it. My play *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* is now running in Chicago . . . and, most important of all, I am just finishing the screenplay of my novel *Something Wicked This Way Comes* for *20th Century Fox* and Sam Peckinpah!"

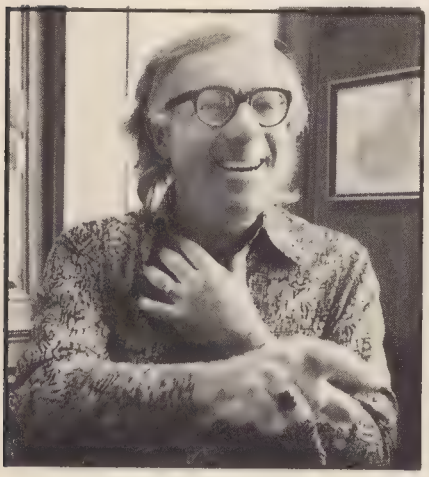
There is really no way to do justice to Ray Bradbury in a few pages; certainly, it would take a far more accomplished writer than myself. What I attempted to do here, then, was to simply capture—no, enfold—a little of the man himself; his feelings, his attitudes, perhaps even a little of his leonine heart. As a writer, I owe him a debt I can never repay: I discovered him when I was nine, and it was only then that I realized words could do more than take one *out* of the mun-

dane. They could make one realize that the mundane, *too*, is magic: that one could either view life as being heavy, or take that heaviness and choreograph it into part of the dance of your life.

**SWANK:** What kind of work was your family into?

**BRADBURY:** My father worked for the Department of Power and Light in L.A. My brother still does. But they were out of work a lot of the time during the Great Depression. That's why we came here (L.A.), back in '34. And, when I graduated from high school, we were on relief. Getting, I suppose, ten dollars a week from the government—plus supplies of food.

When I graduated, we were so poor



we couldn't afford to buy a suit for me to wear to graduation. So I graduated from high school wearing the suit of my murdered uncle, who'd been killed by hold-up men. And the suit had a hole through the front of the coat and out the back from the bullet that had killed him. Of course, we couldn't afford to have that bullet hole mended, because French weaving cost about two dollars to do it right. And who had two dollars? Huh? We didn't. So I graduated with a bullet hole.

It's a good story to tell so that people realize where you've come from. You don't just spring full-blown from the head of Zeus! Hahaha! You spend twenty years learning how to write, and twenty years finally getting an income.

**SWANK:** You once said that you'd been around the theater forty-two years . . .

**BRADBURY:** Yes. I started when I was ten. I was a boy magician. I did a magic show. Blackstone gave me a

**"I graduated from high school wearing the suit of my murdered uncle . . . the suit had a hole through the front and out the back from the bullet that killed him."**

rabbit on the stage in my home town when I was ten, so I went right on the stage.

**SWANK:** Was that Blackstone *the* magician?

**BRADBURY:** *The* greatest magician of my time. So, I've been on the stage . . . all through my teens I did things in high school and in little theater groups around L. A. when I was eighteen, nineteen, twenty years old.

**SWANK:** You don't do any acting now though, do you?

**BRADBURY:** Well, you might say that I do! My lectures really are performances! I have a hell of a lot of fun!

**SWANK:** You *always* seem to have a hell of a lot of fun! Were you in *World War Two?*

**BRADBURY:** No, thank God. 'Cuz if I had been, I would have been a conscientious objector. I was prepared to file. I've always been against this sort of thing.

**SWANK:** How come you didn't have to go in?

**BRADBURY:** Well, I was so blind. They said, "Read that chart over there," and I said, "What chart!" And they said, "On the wall" and I said, "What wall?" It's that bad. But I went down to the depot thinking they might ship me out, and the guy who tested me said, "Do you want to be in the Army?" and I said "NO!" And he said, "Well, you're not!" Hahahahaa! It was beautiful! Of course I didn't want to be in the Army! I had a lot of friends who were C. O.'s in various camps. And that was an honorable war in many ways, you know? But I never had it in my

**"Big decisions are made around one o'clock in the morning when husband and wife—or lover and lover—are lying together after they've made love."**

heart to kill anyone, *really*. I mean, we have our private murders inside our heads. But if it really came down to it, I can't imagine shooting anyone or being shot at! The sight of a gun terrifies me! If I go to someone's house, and they bring out a revolver to show, I leave. My stomach gets so sick.

**SWANK:** *Moby Dick* was your first big success. What's the story behind it?

**BRADBURY:** In 1953 Huston came to me and all of a sudden, here I am going to do *Moby Dick*. Which meant a *huge!* chunk of money for the first time! It meant eating well for the first time. It meant having clothes for the first time.

*Everything* happened that month. Which was very nice. And I went to

my agent and he said, "Now you're going to have . . ." $25,000 is what they gave me for the screenplay. Well, that's not big money for the average screenwriter who often gets ninety or a hundred thousand for a screenplay. But boy! It was big money to me! I'd been making two, three thousand a year if I was lucky. My wife was working too, so that we could survive.

Anyway, my agent said, "Now you're going to have all of this money, you need a business manager to help you with all of it." And he sent me off to one.

I said to him, "What are you going to do?" He said, "Well, every week, you hand me your check. And then I give you a little check for yourself and your wife and everything, and we figure it all out and we bank this and we bank that and . . ."

And I said, "WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! Do you know

*(Continued on page 102)*

# YOU'VE READ THEM, NOW READ ABOUT THEM

*Our authors in alphabetical order.*

## JOHN AUSTIN

is host of the two hour radio program *More Than You Care To Know* on L.A.'s KCRW-FM (heard on the National Public Radio Network twice weekly). His two books, *Hollywood's Unsolved Mysteries* and *Sex Is Big Business* sold 140,000 and 90,000 respectively within a year of publication. In addition, John was, for one year, the host of another L.A. show, KHJ-TV's prestigious *Tempo* show.

We asked John to diversify from his usual show-business profiling (he is West Coast editor of *Pageant*, writes for *The Sunday People*, the London-based world's largest selling Sunday paper, and freelances instead of sleeping) to do our Cryonics piece (page 47).

## HARVEY BILKER

had already seen 60 of his pieces published by the time he was 13 years old. He was one of the eight editors of *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language* and defined many words for the first time. Among these was "psychedelic"; his definition of the word was quoted in *Time* and *Reader's Digest*. He has been an advertising copywriter on the East and West coasts, a Broadway stage manager *and* a Broadway scriptwriter. His short stories have appeared in everything from *The Realist* to *Witchcraft & Sorcery Magazine*. Mr. Bilker won Creative Writing scholarships to both Columbia University and U.C.L.A. Currently, he is Director of Special Services for the Science Fiction Writers of America. And it is Mr. Bilker we have to thank for a delightful introduction into the world of Science Fiction Conventions for the neophyte, "Sci-Fi Comes of Age" (page 32).

## JACK CURTIN

makes his debut in SWANK with his fun and funky, fellow-writer and fan's-eye-view of speculative fiction's Harlan Ellison, whom he ends up defining as a combination of Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce (Page 51).

Curtin has been published mostly in the Philadelphia area, with the exceptions of *Writer's Digest* and *Motor Cycle World*. Still, his Philly credits are more than distinguishable, since they include the prestigious *Philadelphia Magazine* and the *Today* supplement to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Jack's hobbies include sex, motorcycling, politics, science fiction and old comic books. "What I dislike," says he, "keeps shifting. But Richard Nixon and censorship are constants."

## HARLAN ELLISON

's credits could (and do) fill pages. He has been published in *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, *Swank*, and almost every other magazine of note in this and other countries. His television credits, too, are numerous. A *small* sampling includes: *Star Trek*, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, *Batman*, *Outer Limits* --and we could go on for days.

Ellison's fiction, "Kiss of Fire" (page 48) is dynamic and tense, and we welcome him back to SWANK.

## LEO GUILD

has worked for: the *New Yorker*, The *N.Y. Post*, the *N.Y. Times*, the *L.A. Times*, the *L.A. Daily News*, the *Hollywood-Citizen News*, and the *N.Y. Post Syndicate*. He created the television series, *My Living Doll* (which he sold to the CBS network). He has sold over *80* books and, as the world's most famous ghost-writer, wrote, among others, *Ecstasy and Me*, the Hedy Lamarr biography, and a book on Bob Hope.

A gambling and odds expert, his book *How to Win* is in its 23rd Holloway House printing. He owns the title, *Wizard of Odds*, and has sold seven books based on it.

In his own words, our irascible Leo says, "The above adds up to millions of words, some of which are interesting, some of which are dull; some talented, some not. Writing has allowed me some money and time to pursue my dream: discovering a racing system where I can get wealthy without having to work." (Page 21).

## RALPH NOVAK

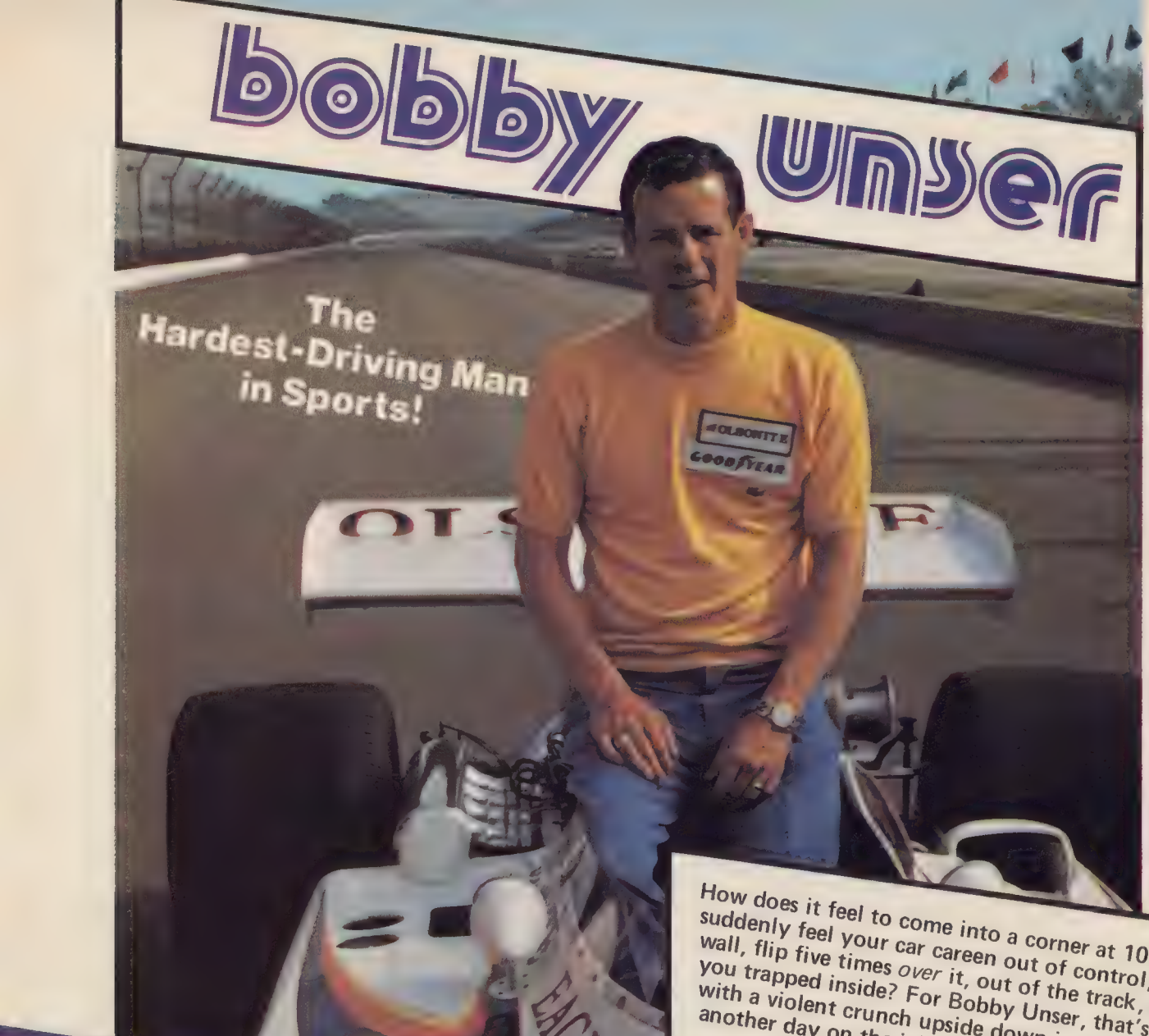
is currently a staff writer with *People* Magazine. He is a former associate editor with the *Newspaper Enterprise Assn.*, a national *Scripps-Howard* owned newspaper feature service. He was a reporter with the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and a number of other, smaller papers. A Peace Corps and U.S. Army veteran, Novak claims that, "I have never been bitten by a vampire and/or turned into a bat, but I've seen the Lugosi version of *Dracula* approximately 107 times—and red is my favorite color." Don't miss his own version of *Dracula* (page 78).

## JOE SCALZO,

author of the well-received racing book, *The Unbelievable Unsers*, is well qualified to write about breakneck Bobby Unser (page 103). Before starting the story, however, he watched Unser race in half a dozen states and spent considerable time with him in his home. Formerly a pro motorcycle racer himself (and now a free lance writer), Scalzo is a great fan of—and authority on—both four-wheel and two-wheel racing. His latest racing book, *Stand on the Gas!* is to be published by *Prentice-Hall* this May.

# bobby Unser

## The Hardest-Driving Man in Sports!




How does it feel to come into a corner at 100 mph, suddenly feel your car careen out of control, hit the wall, flip five times *over* it, out of the track, and land with a violent crunch upside down in a ditch—with you trapped inside? For Bobby Unser, that's just another day on the job . . .

by Joe Scalzo

Bobby Unser crashed at FasTrack International Speedway, in the Arizona desert outside Phoenix, on November 3, 1973. Unser's white Olsonite Eagle rode over the right rear wheel of Gary Bettenhausen's blue Sunoco DX McLaren, briefly became airborne, then hurtled into a steel guardrail at 155 miles per hour. Unser survived.

"How do you feel?" I asked him when I telephoned the hospital two days later.

"I feel," he replied, his voice dulled by pain, "as if a steam roller had backed over me. I'm flat on my back in bed and can't move and there are doctors and nurses poking needles into me. Frankly, I'm not enjoying it a bit."

Then Bobby counted up his injuries for me, four broken ribs, two small bones cracked in his back, a sprained right ankle, black and blue marks over his entire six foot, 170 pound body, but no burns. As bad off as he was, he'd fared far better than his $100,000 championship (Indy-type) race car which the violent smash with the wall had split into three mangled pieces.

"But this is the first time in a couple of years I've been in a hospital," Bobby reminded me. "It's really my first bad wreck in a long time. I don't think that's so bad, do you?" There was a pause, and I thought I heard him stifle a groan as he changed position in bed. Although he was in considerable pain, he nearly succeeded in not letting it show, and his voice became calm and steady. We chatted for a few moments more. The hospital food was fine, and his room was really a nice one. "Just about the nicest hospital room I've ever stayed in." Nice as it was, he intended to be out of it by the following week so he could return home to Albuquerque; his plans to go deer hunting, however, would "probably have to be postponed for a while. I don't think I could fire a gun in this condition."

And, by the end of the week, Bobby Unser did go home, the Phoenix crash almost forgotten, just another memory, another bad memory.

For Unser, who has been a race driver for 22 of his 38 years, there have been plenty of bad memories. Enough of them, in fact, to have broken the spirit of a "normal" person. Bobby Unser is not a normal person; few championship race drivers are. But he is a very hard person. Hard in the sense that he has had terrible things happen to him while racing, but he has learned to mask his feelings and let nothing show. Reflective is one thing he is not.

Years ago, when he was in Colorado Springs, Colorado, preparing for the annual hill climb up the sides of 14,110-foot Pikes Peak, Bobby told me: "I think it's best to forget about that accident jazz. I'm a race driver. What good does it do to keep going over it? Because if it's your time to go, it's your time. Not just in racing either. A person could get run over just walking across the street. You can't dwell on it. I mean, driving a passenger car is dangerous, but I'm not about to start walking."

Racing, Unser has won the Indianapolis *500* (in 1968), ranks fifth on the all-time winner's list for U.S. Auto Club-sanctioned championship racing with 17 wins, has won the Pikes Peak hill climb 11 times, been national driving champion once, holds track speed records at five of the eight ovals on the championship schedule, and was the first driver in history to post a qualifying speed of better than 200 mph (in 1972 at Ontario Motor Speedway, Ontario, California).

The last item on the above list, going 200 mph around a closed oval, would seem meaningless (not to say suicidal) to some, but not to Bobby Unser who loves speed and says: "I'd like to go 220, but now that they've changed the rules to slow the cars down I probably won't get the chance. Speed is the name of the game."

Indeed it is, for him. Today's modern, 1,500-pound, 1,000-horsepower championship cars have fuselages for

# bobby unser

bodies, upside-down airplane wings mounted above and behind the rear wheel to glue the wide squat tires to the pavement, and are approaching and surpassing airplane speeds. Besides going 200 at Ontario, Unser hit 211 at Texas International, 202 at Michigan, 198 at Indianapolis, and so forth.

What if he hit a crashwall at such speed?

Angrily, he replied, "What's the difference between hitting a wall head-on at 100 miles per hour or hitting that dude at 80? You know you're going to be dead either way. What difference does it make how dead you are?

But at FasTrack in Phoenix he struck the wall at 155, and lived.

Bobby shrugs. "Yes, I'm a hard person. It's my racing experiences that have made me hard."

Let's look at some of his racing experiences.

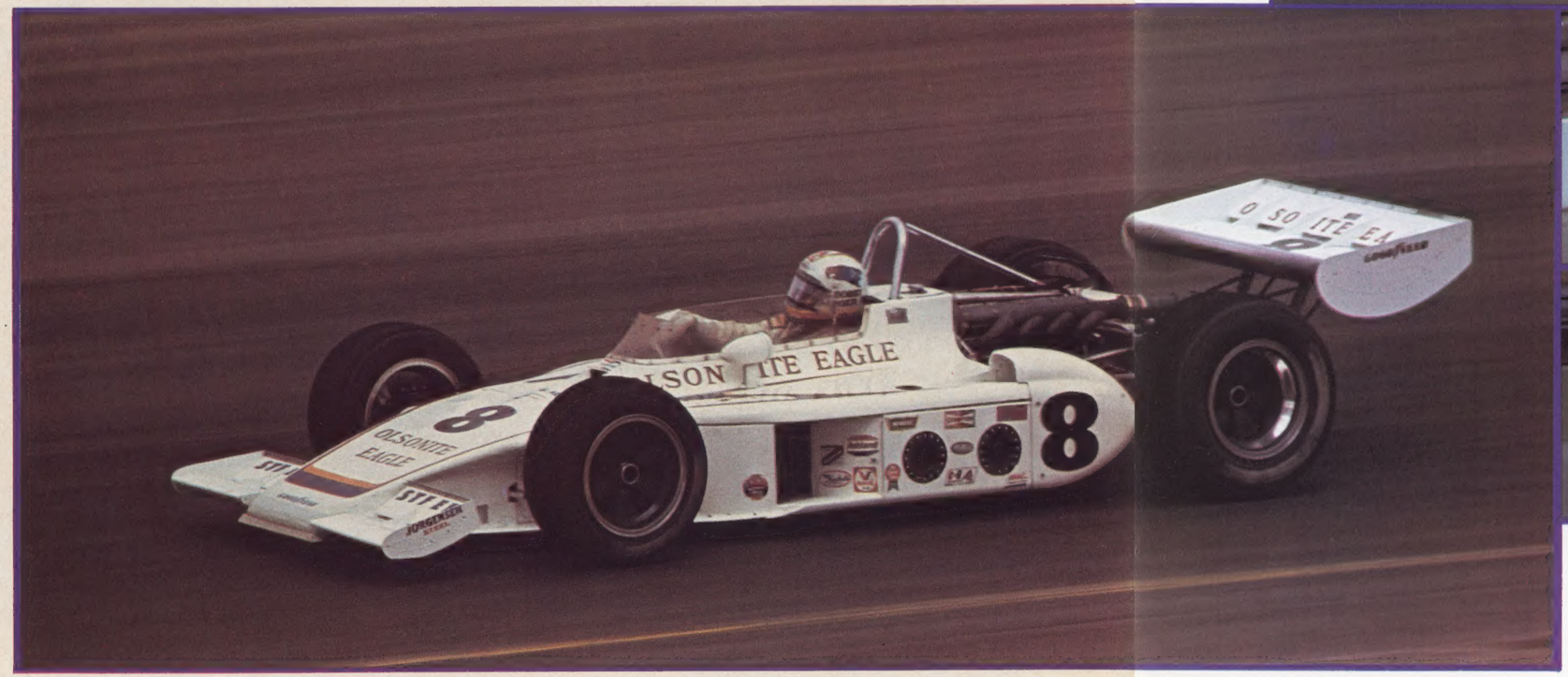
*NOVEMBER, 1951:* High in the harshly beautiful mountains of southern Mexico, the wild and woolley Mexican Road Race was in its second day. The square-sided Jaguar sedan, tires squealing, was going flat out. Slamming the steering wheel back and forth while negotiating the blind curves in a series of controlled four-wheel drifts, the Jaquar's driver, *17-year-old* Bobby Unser, was showing the technique that had made him dirt track champion of Albuquerque the year before. Seated next to him in the car, urging the boy to go faster, was quick-tempered Jerry Unser, Bobby's father.

Although starting 90th, Bobby had already passed 67 cars and was still gaining.

Bearing down on a slower car, an Alfa Romeo, at 110 mph, Bobby impatiently sounded the horn.

"Pass this guy," ordered his father, himself a former race driver and hardened by the experience.

Bobby drew alongside. The slower car refused to give



"You will meet a tall, muscular, handsome blond—she will make love to you."

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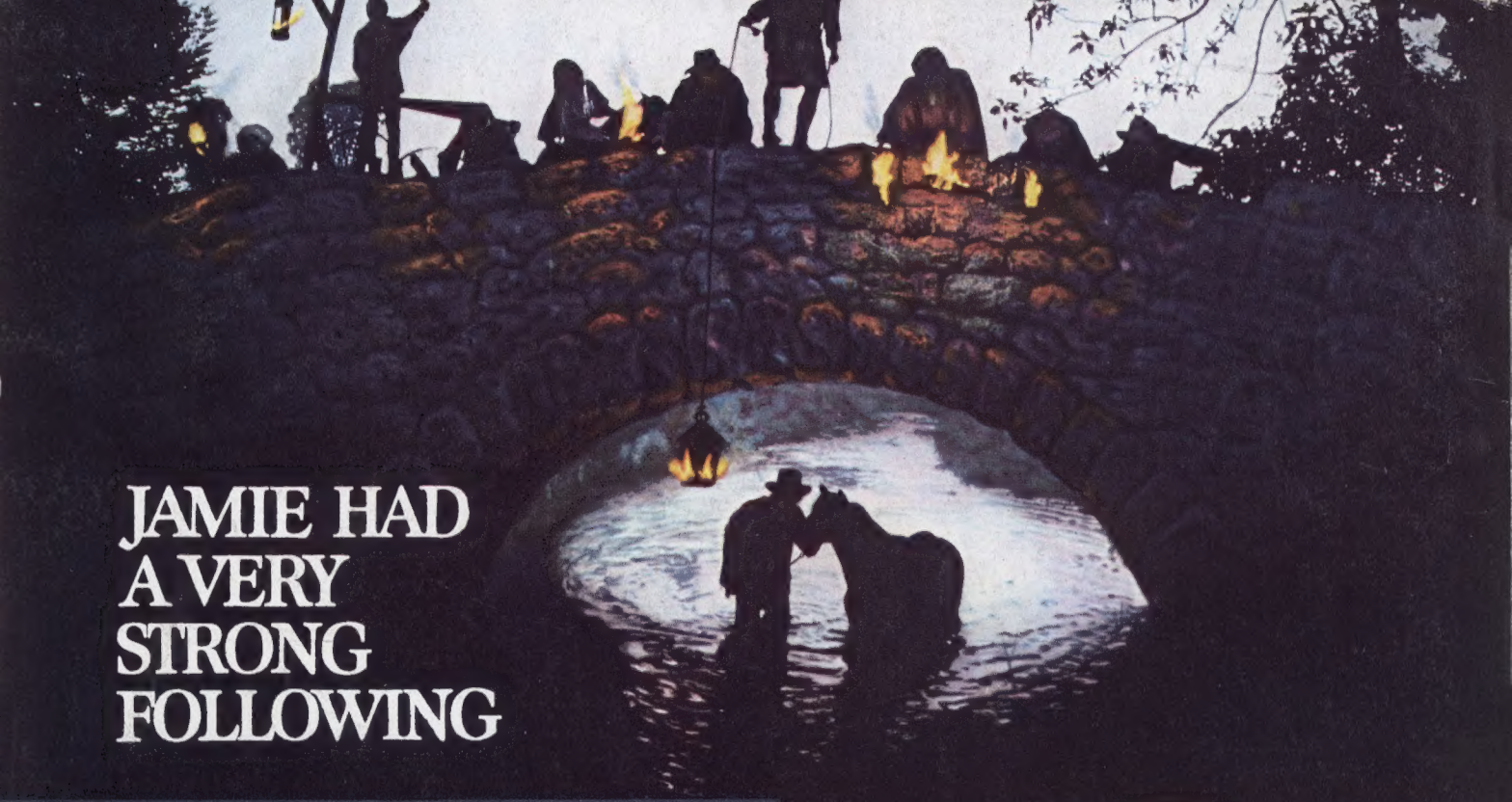

# JAMIE HAD A VERY STRONG FOLLOWING

Jamie's earthy indifference to the rules of conventional behavior didn't exactly earn him the applause of his elders. And so, on many an occasion they could be found following his activities with great fervor. But not all looked with displeasure on his free-form life style.

In fact, according to legend, a prominent Scottish distiller so admired Jamie's independent and uninhibited ways that he decided they should be immortalized. And so in 1808 the name shouted in anger over the Scottish countryside began to earn a new following.

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